

SPORT

DEC. 60¢

cc
02-781

Shakespeare
On Quarterbacks:
**I Would Give All
My Fame For A Pot
Of Ale And Safety**
—King Henry V

Is There A
Future For
Pete Maravich?

The Flyers
Are Ruining
Philadelphia's
Image



**He
Jests
At
Scars
That
Never
Felt A
Wound**

— Romeo
and Juliet

Come to where
the flavor is.

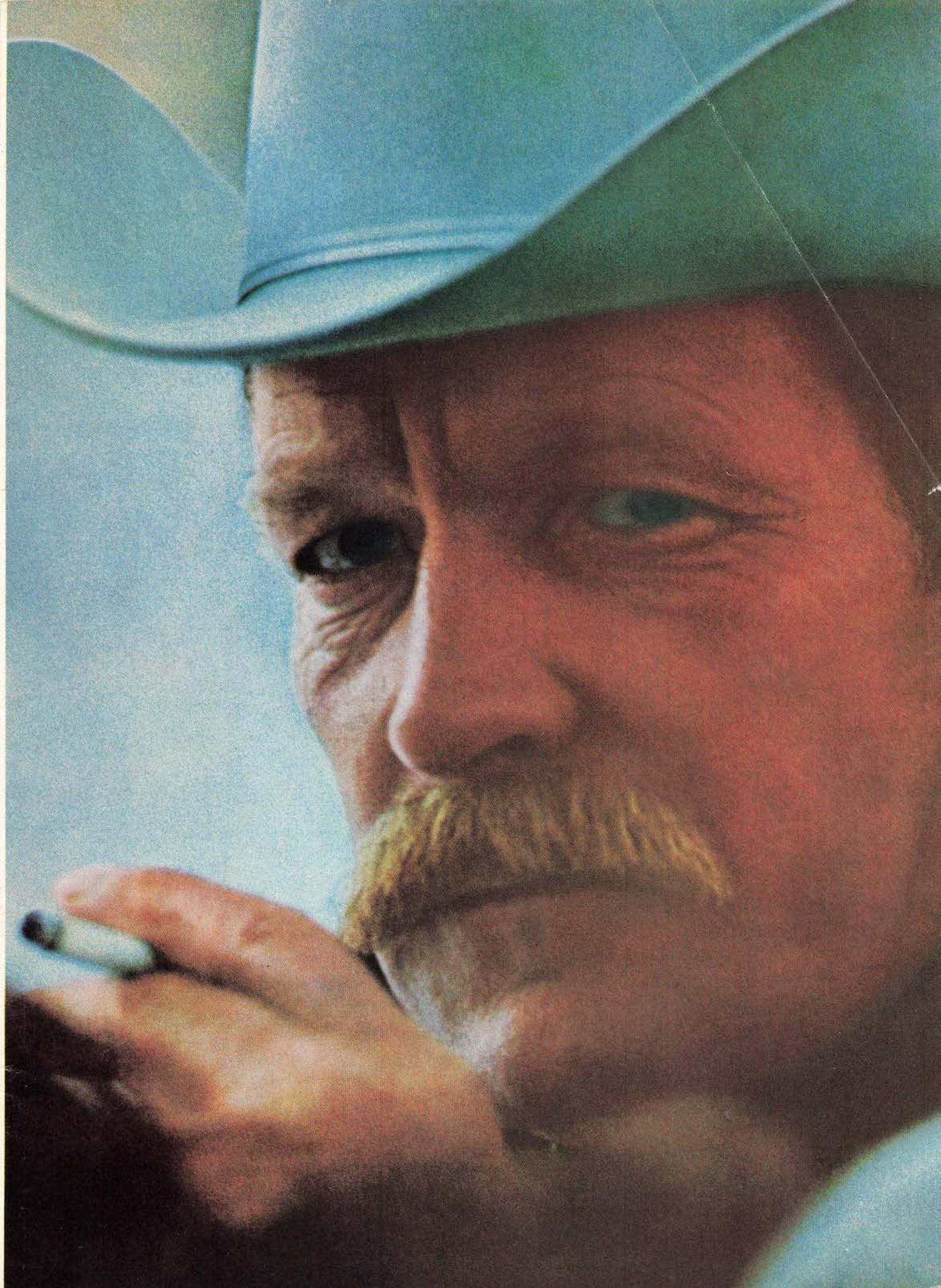
Marlboro Country.

You get a lot to like
with a Marlboro.



18 mg "tar," 1.3 mg. nicotine
av. per cigarette, FTC Report Feb. 73

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined
That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.



**My Age Is As A
Lusty Winter,
Frosty Yet Kindly—As You
Like It**

JOHN HUARTE

NORM SNEAD

**This
Was The
Most
Unkindest
Cut Of All**
—Julius Caesar

No shaver advertising dares compare their shave with a Ronson shave.

Here's why:

Our micro-thin shaving screen is thinner than this page. So our 36 surgical-sharp blades cut closer to the whisker base. To cut as close as Ronson, you have to *get* as close as Ronson.

No shaver in America dares claim they can.



No comparison: A Ronson shave is unsurpassed. Because the Ronson cutting system is unbeatable.

We created the first micro-thin shaving screen, years ago. Now others have tried to copy us.

But they don't have our unique cutting system. They don't have our 36 surgical-sharp blades. They don't have our high power motor that eats up whiskers at the softest touch. They don't have our "SuperTrim" or our Electric Self-Cleaning feature.

They don't have our great Replacement Kit, the only one that lets you replace *both* blades *and* screen to keep your Ronson shaver sharp as new. So to get closeness without comparison, you have to get a Ronson shaver. Try a Ronson today.

1000XL RONSON
by DIFFERENT BY DESIGN AND BETTER BECAUSE OF IT

Closeness without comparison.

Over \$5,000 in prizes Awarded Monthly



Draw "Spunky"

Let "Spunky" help you test your talent. You may win one of five \$845.00 Commercial Art Scholarships or any one of seventy-five \$10.00 cash prizes!

Draw "Spunky" any size except like a tracing. Use pencil. Every qualified entrant receives a free professional estimate of his art talent.

Each winner receives a two year scholarship in commercial art taught by Art Instruction Schools, Inc., one of America's leading home study art schools.

Try for an art scholarship that may lead you into the exciting fields of advertising art and illustrating, cartooning or painting. Your entry will be judged in the month received but not later than January 31, 1974. Prizes awarded for best drawings of various subjects received from qualified entrants age 14 and over. One \$25 cash award for the best drawing from entrants age 12 and 13. No drawings can be returned. Our students and professional artists not eligible. Contest winners will be notified. Send your entry today.

MAIL THIS COUPON TO ENTER CONTEST

ART INSTRUCTION SCHOOLS, INC.

Studio 3D-1830

500 South Fourth Street, Minneapolis, Minn. 55415

Please enter my drawing in your
monthly contest. (PLEASE PRINT)

Name _____

Occupation _____ Age _____

Address _____ Apt. _____

2 City _____ State _____

County _____ Zip Code _____

Telephone Number _____

Accredited by the Accrediting Commission
of the National Home Study Council.

SPORT

28TH YEAR OF PUBLICATION DECEMBER 1973 VOL. 56, NO. 6

THE LINEUP FOR DECEMBER

Old Quarterbacks Never Die...

- 38 **They Get Hurt (Joe Namath)** DICK SCHAAP
- 44 **They Become Giants (Norm Snead)** DON KOWET
- 50 **They Get Cut (John Huarte)** BOB RUBIN
- 58 **The Flyers Spoil Philadelphia's Image** JEFF GREENFIELD
- 66 **Pistol Pete Is The Player Of The Future, Says Pistol Pete**
GEORGE VECSEY
- 75 **The Bettenhausens: Give Me Another Horse!**
Bind Up My Wounds! JOE FALLS
- 78 **Ivan Cournoyer Can Fly** NICK SEITZ
- 84 **Two South Africans, Different As Black And White** MARTY BELL
- 91 **Soul Brothers: Phil Jackson, Billy Paultz, John Hummer & Stan Love** CHARLEY ROSEN

DEPARTMENTS

- 4 **This Month in SPORT**
- 12 **SPORT Talk** DICK SCHAAP
- 16 **Letters to SPORT**
- 20 **Sporting Life with Frenchy Fuqua** MARTY BELL
- 30 **The SPORT Quiz**
- 32 **Didn't You Used To Be... William Shakespeare?**
- 32 **Inside Facts**
- 35 **A Woman's Touch** LETTY COTTIN POGREBIN
- 100 **Paul Hemphill's America**

COVER CREDIT

Joe Namath RON KOCH **John Huarte** TONY TOMSIC
Norm Snead TONY TOMSIC

Entered as Second Class Matter July 25, 1946, at the Post Office at New York, N.Y., under the Act of March 3, 1879. Second Class Postage paid at New York, N.Y., and other Post Offices. Authorized as Second Class Mail, P.O. Dept. Ottawa, Ont., Canada, and for payments of postage in cash. Copyright 1973 by Macfadden-Bartell Corporation, a subsidiary of Bartell Media Corporation. All rights reserved. Copyright under the Universal Copyright Convention and International Copyright Convention. Copyright reserved under the Pan-American Copyright Convention. Todos derechos reservados según la Convención Panamericana de Propiedad Literaria y Artística. Title trademark registered in U.S. Patent Office.

Every man wants Black Velvet in his stocking.

Give the smooth, imported whisky from Canada.
And for the holidays, give Black Velvet in the attractive drums.
Every man wants Black Velvet. And every woman too.



BLACK VELVET® BLENDED CANADIAN WHISKY, 80-86 PROOF. IMPORTED BY ©1973 HEUBLEIN, INC., HARTFORD, CT.

DEC.

THIS MONTH IN SPORT



WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

Writers are a very competitive breed, and each one who is any good believes, down deep, that he is the best of them all. In recent months, a lot of good ones have appeared in *SPORT*—among them Jimmy Breslin, Joe McGinniss, Mike Royko, Pete Axthelm, Pete Gent, Paul Hemphill, Jeff Greenfield, Larry L. King, each of whom is entitled to admit, to himself, that he can outwrite anyone else in the magazine.

But now the competition is over. We have a new champion. The lines on the cover of this issue were penned by W. Shakespeare, and no author in his right mind will go up against Shakespeare, one on one. I once asked Jimmy Breslin if he had read much of Shakespeare, and Jimmy lied and said, "Nah." Then he explained, "I read a little of him, and I stopped, 'cause I knew if I kept reading, I'd start stealing from him. I read that Falstaff stuff. That was the best drunk I ever read."

Shakespeare wrote the best drunks, and the best lovers, and the best mur-

derers, and the best fools, and the best madmen. In fact, there is hardly anything within the scope of human experience that he did not capture, and capture beautifully, in his dozens of plays and scores of sonnets.

Even football.

Shakespeare died more than 300 years before the first American football game was played, but that didn't prevent him from writing the lines that capsule so neatly the three quarterbacks on our cover. He could have had Namath in mind, too, when he wrote, "A wretched soul, bruised with adversity" (*Comedy of Errors*).

If you wanted to be less than kind to John Huarte, you could quote from *King Henry VI*: "Having nothing, nothing can he lose." Or, in talking of Norm Snead and similar journeyman quarterbacks, you could borrow from *The Merchant of Venice*: "My meaning in saying he is a good man, is to have you understand that he is sufficient."

Besides using Shakespeare on the cover, we've taken a line from *King Richard III* as the title for our story on the auto racing Bettenhausens: "Give me another horse! Bind up my wounds!" If pressed, we probably could have found a proper Shakespearean line for every title in this issue. For the story on basketball players Phil Jackson, Stan Love, Billy Paultz and John Hummer—four individualists—*The Merchant of Venice* provides: "Nature hath framed strange fellows in her time;" for Pete Maravich, *Romeo and Juliet* supplies: "Cut him out in little stars;" for the Philadelphia Flyers, a winning team in a city of athletic losers, *As You Like It* suggests: "Your pearl in your foul oyster;" and for the Sporting Life spread on Frenchy Fuqua's wardrobe, *Much Ado About Nothing* warns: "The fashion wears out more apparel than the man."

In all fairness, I have to mention a dissenting vote on Shakespeare. Charley Rosen, the six-foot-eight author of the Jackson-Love-Paultz-Hummer article, is a college English professor. He thinks Shakespeare was overrated. Charley would've killed him in the pivot.

Dick Schaap

SPORT



DICK SCHAAP

EDITOR

AL BRAVERMAN

ART DIRECTOR

NORMAN LEWIS SMITH

MANAGING EDITOR

MARTY BELL

ASSISTANT MANAGING EDITOR

KEVIN FITZGERALD

PHOTO EDITOR

PAULA HOLLANDER

ASSISTANT ART DIRECTOR

LINDA FORCHT

DAVID STERN

EDITORIAL ASSISTANTS

JOHN NORWOOD

PUBLISHER

RICHARD E. VINCENT

ADVERTISING MANAGER

Contributing Editors: Jimmy Breslin, Gary Cartwright, John Devaney, Tom Dowling, Pete Gent, Jeff Greenfield, Arnold Hano, Paul Hemphill, Don Kowet, Allan Roth, Gene Shalit.

Contributing Photographers: Daniel S. Baliani, John Biever, Vernon J. Biever, Martin Blumenthal, Bruce Curtis, Malcolm Emmons, Fred Kaplan, David Maenza, Darryl Norenberg, Bob Peterson, Dick Raphael, Manny Rubio, David Sutton, Ozzie Sweet, Jerry Wachter.

Sport, Published Monthly by Macfadden-Bartell Corporation, a subsidiary of Bartell Media Corporation, New York, N.Y.

Executive, Advertising and Editorial Offices at 205 East 42nd Street, New York, N.Y. Albert S. Traina, President; Macfadden Publications, Inc., John Norwood, Vice President and Publisher; Louis W. Fusco, Vice President, Marketing Director; Lloyd C. Jamieson, Vice President Advertising and Marketing; Richard E. Vincent, Advertising Manager. Advertising offices also at 221 N. La Salle Street, Chicago, Illinois and 6290 Sunset Blvd., Los Angeles, Calif. 90028.

Subscription Rates: U.S. & Possessions, one year, \$6.00; two years, \$11.00; three years, \$16.00. Add \$5.00 per subscription year for Canada. All other countries, \$7.00 per year.

Change of Address: Eight weeks' notice essential. When possible, please furnish a stencil impression address from a recent issue. Address changes can be made only if you send us your old as well as your new address. Write to **SPORT**, Macfadden-Bartell Corporation, a subsidiary of Bartell Media Corporation, 153-01 10th Avenue, Whitestone, N.Y. 11357.

Manuscripts, Drawings and Photographs should be accompanied by addressed envelopes and return postage and will be carefully considered but publisher cannot be responsible for loss or injury.

Foreign editions handled through International Division of Macfadden-Bartell Corporation, a subsidiary of Bartell Media Corporation, 205 East 42nd Street, New York, N.Y. Albert S. Traina, President; Louis W. Fusco, Sales Director.

Accept no imitations

There are dozens of low "tar" and nicotine cigarettes. Some even have funny-looking tips and mouthpieces.

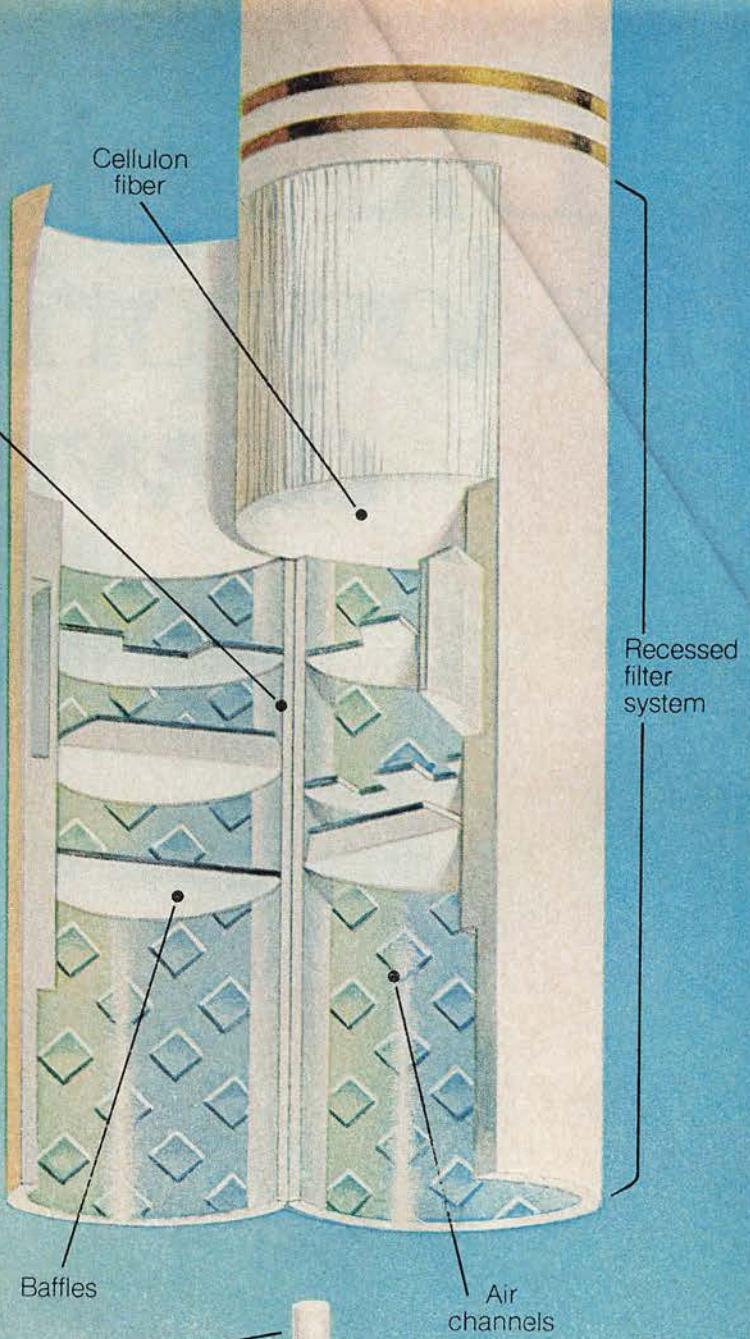
But there's just one Doral.

With its unique recessed filter system. Its easy, almost effortless draw.

And the taste low "tar" and nicotine smokers really like. Truly enjoy. Even swear by.

Like we said, there's just one Doral. And just one Doral will convince you.

**"I swear
you can really
taste me."**



Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined
That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

FILTER: 15 mg. "tar", 1.0 mg. nicotine, MENTHOL: 15 mg. "tar", 1.1 mg. nicotine,
av. per cigarette, FTC Report FEB. '73.

**"Did I pick Allstate
its low price? Nope.
down-to-earth**



This is Charles Chase.
He and his wife and two kids
live near Atlanta, Georgia.

life insurance for It was their attitude."

**Here's why we call Allstate
"The Young Man's Life Insurance."**

Policies are priced for the Young Man.

Here's how little you pay for our 10-year level term insurance—if you're 25, for example.

And this is just one of our many plans.

\$10,000 \$4.70 a month

\$15,000 \$6.10 a month

\$20,000 \$7.40 a month

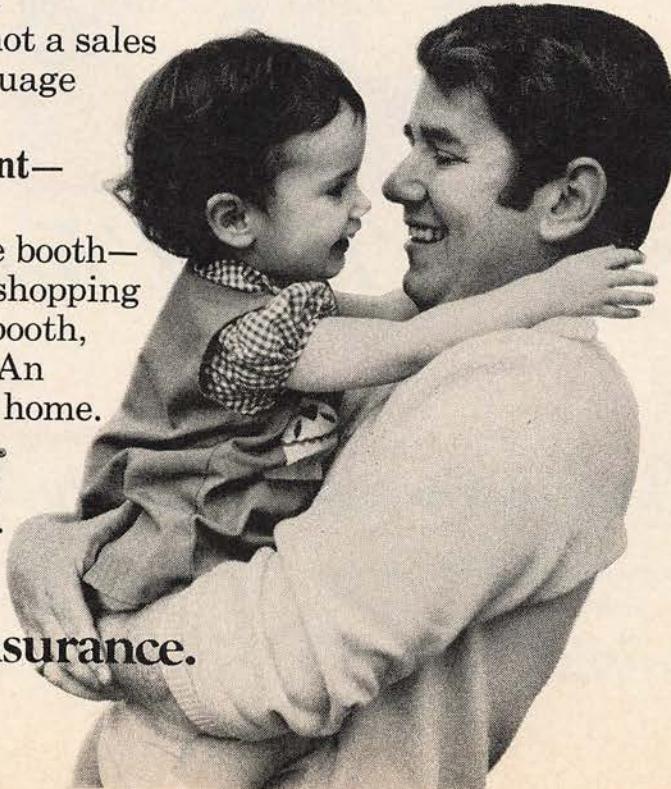
You get facts—not "hard sell."

No pressure. You get advice—not a sales talk. We've simplified the language of your policy, too.

You don't need an appointment—or a necktie.

Come as you are to the Allstate booth—maybe Saturday, while you're shopping at Sears. Or simply phone the booth, or your nearest Allstate office. An agent will gladly come to your home. See you soon?

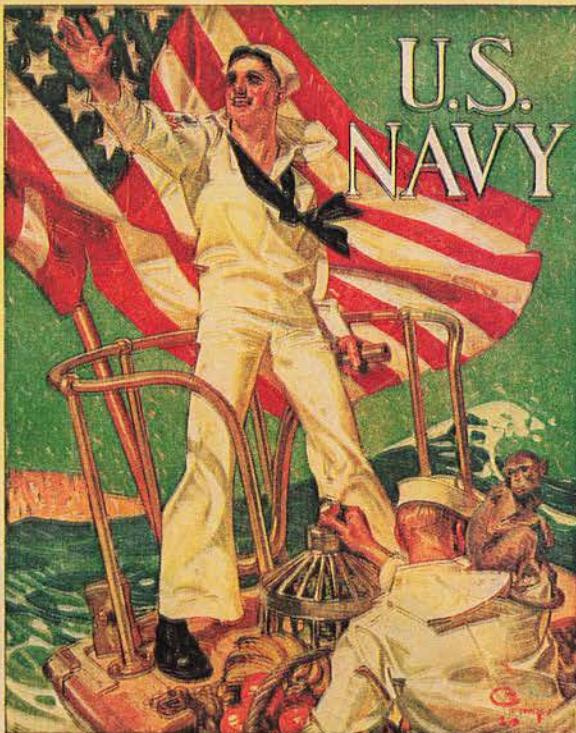
Allstate®
You're in good hands.



The young man's life insurance.

In 1919, the Navy offered Today, they're only

HAILING YOU
for



Service, Travel, Trade-
Instruction
NAVY PAY RAISED
Bonus for former Navy Men

APPLY NAVY RECRUITING STATION

Seeing the world, learning a trade, putting your life to good use will always be Navy facts of life.

And today's Navy offers even more. Training in highly skilled jobs, responsibility, a great chance to make the most of yourself.



This Navy poster originally appeared in 1919. For a free full-color reproduction, stop by your local Navy recruiter's office. No obligation, of course.

travel, training, pay. the beginning.



The Navy has many jobs to choose from, if you're qualified. Interesting, exciting, active jobs that require brain power, good hands — or both. Jobs that demand you prove your ability. Like communications technician, sea-going engineer, metal worker, computer operator, and many, many others.

Good jobs? Sure. Easy jobs? No. Navy standards today are higher than ever.

And, of course, you'll also have to do your share of the everyday chores.

But you'll be earning the highest pay in Navy history. You'll be traveling. Having fun. And making friendships that can last a lifetime.

Do you have what it takes to be a success? To be someone special? Check into the new Navy. Get the details on the over 300 interesting jobs in the more than 70 different fields to choose from. Your local Navy Recruiter will supply all the information. Or mail the attached coupon. Or call toll-free 800-841-8000 anytime, day or night.

In today's Navy, travel, training, and pay are only the beginning.



Be a success in the new Navy.

SPORT TALKS

BY DICK SCHAAP

MET MANIA

During the closing days of the incredible 1973 National League pennant race, I was chasing the New York Mets around, recording their actions and reactions for WNBC-TV, a New York television station.

On Sunday, September 30, the last scheduled day of the season, as late as two or three hours before the season was expected to come to its close, it was still conceivable that five teams would tie for first place in the National League East, each with a record of 80 victories and 82 defeats. It had taken the division five and a half months simply to eliminate the Philadelphia Phillies, something the so-called experts had done even before the season began.

I try to maintain objectivity as a reporter, but I must admit that on the final day, I was pulling for the Mets, on purely mercenary grounds. A few weeks

earlier, I had bumped into Jimmy the Greek, the Las Vegas seer, at a party, and while we were talking, somebody had asked Jimmy what were the odds on the Mets winning in the East. The Mets were then in fifth place, six and a half games out of first.

"Thirty to one," said Jimmy the Greek.

"At 30 to one," I said, "I'd bet on my mother to beat George Foreman."

"Tell you what," said Jimmy. "I'll give you 100 to one. All you've got to do is give me a dollar bill and autograph it. It'll go up on the wall with the rest of my collection—suckers' money."

I won my bet on the Mets.

Now if only my mother can beat George Foreman.

The day the Mets clinched first place in the East, I mentioned to shortstop Bud Harrelson, that, for the first time in his career, he had reached the end of a season without losing all the flesh off

his bones.

Harrelson flexed his muscle and explained the reason for his late-season health. During the year, he said, he had deliberately broken two bones in his body, which gave him two months of rest, which saved him from his usual weight loss. The Met shortstop said all this with a straight face.

The next day, I put Harrelson's explanation on television, and the day after that, the Met's switchboard lit up—dozens of people calling and demanding to know what right Bud Harrelson had to go around deliberately breaking his own bones.

The Mets' management, in turn, chewed out Harrelson, warning him that, by his comments, he might be encouraging youngsters all over New York to go out and break their bones and preserve their weight.

Harrelson could hardly believe the reaction of the fans, and the management, to his put-on. "How dumb can people be?" he said.

A few days later, Harrelson found out. Some Met fans threw bottles at Cincinnati's gifted leftfielder, Pete Rose. Someone poured beer on Rose's head when he was attempting to field a base hit. Groups of fans in the left-field stands chanted obscenities at the most consistent hitter in baseball. All this because Rose, trying to break up a double play, had attempted to body-block Harrelson into leftfield or farther, a maneuver Ty Cobb, John McGraw, Leo Durocher, Billy Martin and any real baseball fan would have applauded.

Some Met fans demonstrated ultimate stupidly when they poured onto the field after the last out of the playoff series, destroying the turf and almost destroying the Mets' relief ace, Tug McGraw.

McGraw, of course, was one of the major heroes in the drive that carried the Mets from last place on August 30 to the National League championship. Yet the first half of the season, he had been downright dreadful.

"Who was wearing your uniform the first half of the season?" I asked McGraw.

After the New York Mets destroyed the Cincinnati Reds at Shea Stadium, the Met fans tried to destroy the playing field.





King Size. Long Size.

Taste it all in Viceroy.

Get a taste of excitement. A taste worth smoking for. That's Viceroy. Full flavor that comes on rich and smooth from start to finish. Viceroy.
Taste what smoking's all about.

**Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined
That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.**



© BROWN & WILLIAMS TOBACCO CORP.

King Size, 17 mg. "tar," 1.2 mg. nicotine; Long Size, 18 mg. "tar,"
1.3 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report Feb. 73.

Only Remington makes this guarantee: If you don't love us, you have a year to return us.*

What has convinced Remington you'll love us so much you won't be back to us in a year?

Our Replaceable Blades help you to keep getting a close, comfortable shave every time.

Our Comfort Head has tiny slot openings to trap your beard, but not your skin.

Our Comfort Dial lets you dial a shave from tough to tender, depending on the kind of beard you have.

No wonder we're so confident. Replaceable Blades. Comfort Head. Comfort Dial.

These are the reasons we believe in our Remington Shaver.

And why we're so sure you're going to love us, we give you a year to return us.



Only Remington is confident enough to give you a one year, money back DOUBLE GUARANTEE: one year on parts, plus one year on PERFORMANCE. No questions asked.* Mail shaver and sales slip to Remington for complete refund. P.O. Box 572, West Haven, Conn. 06516.

We're so sure you're going to love us, we'll give you a year to return us.

*Offer good on Mark I, Mark III, Mark IV and Mark Compact shavers bought between November 1 and December 24, 1973.

SPERRY REMINGTON
ELECTRIC SHAVERS

THE MORE YOU KNOW, THE MORE YOU'LL WANT

DELCO

YOU'LL FIND DELCO'S INSTANT STARTING POWER IN SOME OF THE DARNEDEST PLACES.

Battery trouble in any out-of-the-way place can be frustrating. We know. But it doesn't necessarily mean you have to get "stuck" either. There are thousands of Delco retailers across the country, in big cities, in small towns and sprinkled around the countryside. These service stations or garages are ready to help you

with a Delco battery. A battery designed to give you the full burst of instant power needed to start your car, start after start.

Most Delco replacement batteries are vacuum-sealed at the factory. The seals aren't broken until you buy your Delco battery. Then the activator fluid is added. So you get a fresh start and the power you pay for, right from the beginning.

The next time you need a new battery, get with Delco. The battery engineered, tested and built with years of GM experience. Just look for the red, white and blue Delco sign. There's probably one nearby, wherever you are.



SPORT TALK

CONTINUED

"Ron Locke," said Tug.

Ron Locke was an earlier and considerably less successful Met pitcher.

"When I first came up," McGraw said, "fans used to call me 'Ron.'"

During the first half of 1973, McGraw wished the fans called him "Ron." The things they called him were less kind.

The day the Mets won the National League pennant was also the day Spiro Agnew resigned as Vice President of the United States. The news was flashed on the scoreboard at Shea Stadium, and a few minutes later, I interviewed John Lindsay, the mayor of New York, to get his reaction to the resignation.

When I finished with Lindsay, Bowie Kuhn, the baseball commissioner, who was sitting right behind the mayor, said, half-kidding, I suppose, "Don't you want my reaction, too?"

"I think this (the Vice Presidency) is a little bigger game than yours, Mr. Commissioner," I said.

"Not today it isn't," replied Bowie Kuhn, demonstrating his usual good judgment.

OEDIPUS HEX

When the Texas Rangers fired manager Whitey Herzog and hired Billy Martin, owner Bob Short explained how much he thought of his new manager. "If my mother was managing the Rangers," said Short, "and I had the opportunity to hire Billy Martin, I'd fire my mother."

Short's remark brought back Early Wynn's comments about his mother. When Wynn was possibly the best and certainly the toughest pitcher in baseball, he was asked if he would knock down his mother if the situation called for it. "I don't know if I'd knock her down," said Wynn, "but I'd sure brush her back."

One thing you can say about baseball: It doesn't produce Oedipus complexes.

NO ROYAL TEARS

Darrell Royal of the University of Texas is one of college football's most suc-

cessful coaches, but he is not at all upset that schools such as Grambling and San Diego State produce more pros than he does.

When one of Royal's former players gets cut by the pros, what does Darrell do? "I often call them and congratulate them," he says. "I'm really glad when they get this pro football business out of their systems."

Royal adds: "I'd like to see our boys with something on the ball channel their intelligence elsewhere."

But preferably not into writing—not after *Meat on the Hoof*, an attack on Royal by former serf Gary Shaw.

LADY ON ICE

The World Hockey Association wants to be the glamor league of its sport. The Winnipeg Jets have Bobby Hull, the Houston Aeros have Gordie Howe and the New York Golden Blades have Laura Stamm.

Ms. Stamm is an assistant coach for the Blades. She is an assistant to Camille Henry, whose first name can be Ms-guiding. Garbo could never have played this Camille; he is definitely a he.

Ms. Stamm teaches power skating. "Power skating," she says, "is the attempt to get every skater to use his body and his skates in the most efficient manner so that he is getting the most power out of his skates with the least input of effort and energy so that the end result is high performance with the conservation of energy."

In other words, Ms. Stamm is trying to teach the Golden Blades to get from one end of the ice to the other faster than she defines power skating.

NUMBERS RACKET

Joe Falls, the Detroit sportswriter, walked up to Gates Brown, one-time convict and sometimes designated hitter for the Tigers, and asked Gates why he wore No. 26 on his uniform.

"Because they wouldn't give me my favorite number," said Brown.

"What's your favorite number?" said Falls.

"The one I wore as a kid," said Gates.

"What was that?"

"5081782."

LETTERS TO SPORT

RIGHTHANDED COMPLIMENT

In your October issue, you said that Ron Blomberg throws a baseball left-handed ("What's A Nice Georgia Cracker Doing In The Bronx?"). I've been watching Yankee games all year and he's been throwing righthanded. I even checked. On page 31 in the Yankee yearbook, it says that he throws right. Either you're wrong or I have a problem reading! Other than that, the article was absolutely great.

Elizabeth Alexandrovich
Commack, N.Y.

Ed. Aside from that, Mrs. Lincoln, how did you like the play?

PENNANT PATTERN

It has come painfully to pass that the Dodgers have once again lost the pennant, this time by losing nine games in a row in September. But let it be known that every 11 years since 1940, the Dodgers have finished second, and in each succeeding year of the pattern (1941, 1952, 1963) the Dodgers came in first and played the Yankees in the World Series. I am heartily looking ahead for my Dodgers in 1974.

Steven Nobel
Bronx, N.Y.

Ed. The Yankees hope your pattern holds up.

PERRY'S PET PITCH

Gaylord Perry's article, "Me and the Spitter—the Day I Took the Plunge" (September), was an interesting article, but not very convincing. The author spends the whole article elaborating on the success of his secret pitch and on how it's saved his career as a starting pitcher. Then at the very end we find out that he hasn't thrown the "spitter" for five years, which hardly makes any sense at all. Perry admits that this pitch has brought him into stardom and anybody with some degree of intelligence would not tinker with success as Perry claims that he did by all

of a sudden dropping his favorite pitch.
Come on, Gaylord, who are you trying to fool? ?

Ken Warner
Birmingham, Mich.

Ed. Every batter in baseball, that's who.

DRUG PUSHER

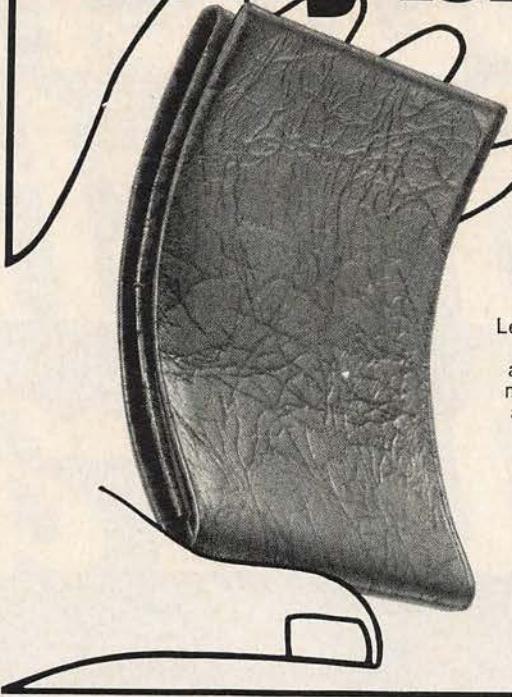
In "Me And The Spitter—The Day I Took The Plunge," (September) Gaylord Perry said that a veteran player on the team gave him his first taste of slippery elm. If the spitball is illegal, where do the players get these tablets? I'm sure the baseball commissioner, Bowie Kuhn, would not allow a company to sell or make slippery elm.

Dave Parker
Bloomington, Minn.

Ed. As strange as it may seem, considering how all-powerful he is, Bowie Kuhn cannot tell companies not to sell products that help soothe sore throats.

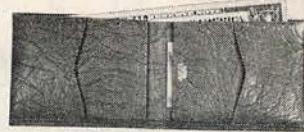
Letters To SPORT
205 East 42nd St.
New York, N.Y. 10017

the body billfold



In your hand,
it looks terrific.
In your pocket,
it's out of sight.

Slip the Body Billfold into your pocket and it's more than out of sight. Nary a lump or a bump shows. Thanks to Amity's Living Leather process that makes hide flex like it's alive. And nylon stitching and "sliding stay" construction that makes for lots of give and take. With all that flexibility, your billfold stays body-fitting. Your body-tailored clothes stay body-tailored. And both you and your billfold stay out-of-sight.



AMITY®

© 1972 Amity Leather Products Company
DIRECTOR Body Billfold in brown or olive Pampas Steerhide \$8.00. A collection of other fine leathers from \$6.00. Other Amity Body Billfolds to \$22.50. If unable to find a local Amity dealer, write Amity, West Bend, Wisconsin 53095. Also creators of Rolfs fine leather accessories.

SCHWINN®



Write for your FREE copy of the
Schwinn Cycling Gift Shop Catalog.

...WHAT A WAY TO GO!

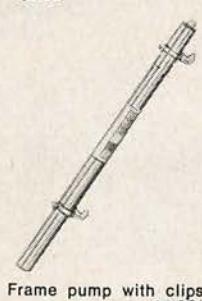


Medium size Cotton Duck Touring Bag with two side pockets. Pocket size 4" x 2 1/2" x 6" deep. Cloth rubbing patch. Overall bag size 12" x 7" x 7 1/2" deep. \$14.95*

Lightweight alloy carrier with spring holder and front check clip that holds packages in place. Easily installed, the carrier attaches to frame drop out ends and seat mast clamp. Complete with lever bracket. Available in two sizes to fit 20"-22" and 24"-26" frames \$5.95*



Chain and lock set with hardened chain and laminated key or combination lock with hardened shackle. 4 ft. and 6 ft. lengths \$6.95 and \$8.50*



Frame pump with clips \$2.29*



Deluxe generator set complete with headlight, tail light, and generator. A must for night riding \$9.95*

Your Schwinn Dealer will be glad to install any accessory at a slight extra charge
*Suggested prices

SCHWINN®
BICYCLE COMPANY
Parts Sales Division
3701 W. Cortland, Chicago, Illinois 60647

Salem refreshes naturally!

A photograph of a person rappelling down a steep, rocky cliff face. The person is wearing a green long-sleeved shirt, brown pants, and a blue harness. They are holding onto a red rope and a metal carabiner. The cliff face is covered in dense green vegetation and rocks. The background shows more of the same cliffside extending into the distance.

- *Naturally grown menthol.*
- *Rich natural tobacco taste.*
- *No harsh, hot taste.*

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined
That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.



King or Super King

© 1979 R. J. REYNOLDS TOBACCO CO.

KING: 19 mg. "tar", 1.3 mg. nicotine. SUPER KING: 21 mg. "tar", 1.5 mg. nicotine, av. per cigarette, FTC Report FEB. '73.



Pittsburgh and its Steelers have been blessed with two Fuquas: John, a quiet and shy, conservative guy and Frenchy, who likes to dress and fly. Can you dig it?

WITH FRENCHY FUQUA



John Fuqua of the Pittsburgh Steelers strutted into the stadium carrying a brown leather garment bag that bulged at the sides. At the same time, 40 Cleveland Browns arrived, and each was lugging a suitcase. The Browns were expected to be carrying luggage. They were the visiting team.

John Fuqua strutted into the Steelers' locker room, went over to locker No. 33 and hung the brown leather bag on the right side of the cubicle. He took off his gray pants and white sport shirt and hung them on the left side. He put on his black-and-gold uniform, went outside, ran for 81 yards and scored a touchdown as his team won, 33-6.

John Fuqua strutted back into the Steelers' locker room, took off his black-and-gold uniform and took a shower. Then he zipped open the brown leather garment bag. He took out a pair of baggy, cuffed white bell-bottom pants. Like Katharine Hepburn might wear. He put on a gold sequined stretch shirt that left his midriff uncovered. Like Diana Ross might wear. He put on silver-and-gold shoes with three-inch heels. Like Ruby Keeler might

wear. And he put on a wide-brimmed, plumed black hat. Like no one else would dare wear.

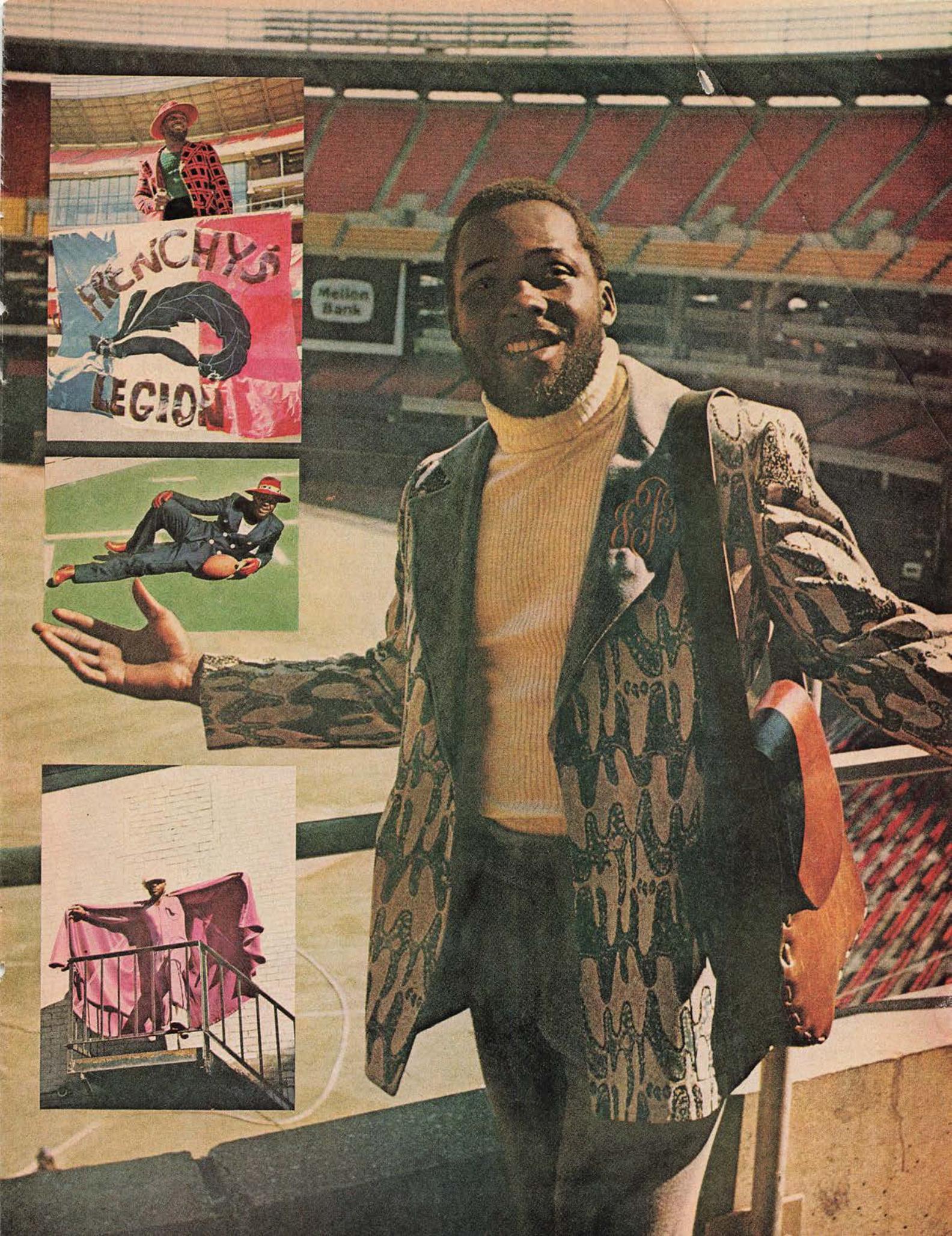
Somebody tapped Fuqua on the shoulder and he turned around, revealing his whole outfit.

"Oh, it's only you, Frenchy," said the team priest. "I thought the Pope had come to Pittsburgh."

When Frenchy Fuqua emerged from the stadium, a large crowd, mostly black kids, was waiting, just to see the "outfit." Every time the Steelers win, Frenchy Fuqua comes out with a new outfit. He assembles seven new outfits before every football season. He can't let his crowd see him in the same outfit twice.

"It feels good to walk out of this door and hear everyone go 'Woooooh!' " he says.

When game day turned into night, Frenchy Fuqua went to Buddies, a watering hole where the players come to be embraced by the fans. By then, he had changed to powder blue with silver trimmings from head to toe—his Lions outfit. He had bought it to wear for his crowd after the previous week's game against Detroit. The Steelers won.



The crowd went "Woooooh!"

"No one knows his face," said his wife Doris, who was parked with friends at a distant table as her husband strutted around the place to be recognized. "But when they see a dude sitting at a table in a weird outfit, everyone knows who it is."

Frenchy was grabbed by fans who sat him down, bought him a Bud and begged to hear him tell his story again.

"I was born in a castle about 46 miles outside of Paris," he began with an exaggerated rhythm, like Muhammed Ali reciting verse. "My father was a count. Therefore I am now a count."

"One day I put on my dark glasses, took my little white poodle and went out to sit in the sun. Being spoiled, as only kids tend to be, I looked up at the sun and said, 'Damn you, sun! All the little birds and bees said to me, 'Please, take that back, Frenchy.' But again I said, 'Damn you, sun.'

"Suddenly the sun came down and struck me and turned my complexion to its present color.

"I ran back to the castle and rang the bell. Jacques, the butler, came to the gate, but would not let me in.

"'I'm Frenchy,' I said.

"'Master Frenchy don't look like that,' he said.

"I was banished and had to come to America. The only thing I knew how to do was play soccer. But I found that in America they didn't play soccer. The closest thing was football and so I tried it. My main object was to make enough money so that I could find a specialist to change my complexion back to its natural color and then I could go back and reclaim my castle."

Later in the evening the same scene was repeated across the street at Walt Harper's Attic. And then across the river at the 2001. And then, after midnight, it moved to the

Aurora, a black club. At the Aurora, Frenchy didn't tell his story.

Frenchy drove a green Chrysler through the dark of Monday morning. He apologized for the car; his black Mark IV with the purple interior was in the body shop. He called the Chrysler "camouflage." On the radio, the Crusaders sang "Where There's a Will There's a Way" loud enough for everyone in the darkened houses of the Sunnyside section of town to hear.

The driver sang his own tune.

"There are two Fuquas," he said. "There's John and there's Frenchy. During the off-season, when I'm home in Detroit, I'm just little Johnny. I couldn't wear a pink jumpsuit in the streets there. I'd get laughed out of the place."

"But here I'm Frenchy. After a game I dress and fly. I only buy these outfits to wear when I walk out of the stadium after we win. If we lose, I can't dress like this. Got to dress the way I feel. Don't you?

"The most important thing to

me is money. And this is all a way to make money. I must have made 40 appearances last season because of the pub (publicity) I got from all this. I'm really not like all this. I'm just a quiet, shy, conservative guy."

Fuqua was drafted into all this by the New York Giants out of Morgan State 1969. He claims he was a different man then. "I figured I was going to New York with all those hippies and so I had to get into a mood bag. I said to myself, 'I gotta fly on those people.' So I went there with a lot of hippie clothes and one suit.

"We were getting ready to play the Jets that exhibition season. It was a hot August day. I got on the team bus wearing tight black pants, and a leather vest with no shirt.

"Well, Allie Sherman (the coach) comes over to me and he says, 'Where do you think you're going dressed like that? Our team doesn't travel like that.'

Before the 1970 season, Fuqua was sent to Pittsburgh along with linebacker Henry Davis for reserve quarterback Dick Shiner. He ar-



The Countess says nobody knows the Count's face, but everybody recognizes the weird outfit—and goes, "Woooooh!"

GM

MARK OF EXCELLENCE



Introducing the Chevelle Malibu Classic inside out.

Malibu Classic.

A luxury Chevelle, new this year.

Full foam seats. Fold-down front seat armrest. Tasteful fabrics. Cut-pile nylon carpeting. Wood-grain vinyl accents. Even the inner door panels are elegant.

And look at the exterior. Look carefully, so you'll sense the character of the car. In the lines. The stance.

The detail. It's as classic outside as it is inside.

Yet, so importantly, it remains mid-size. It remains mid-priced. It remains Chevelle, a truly fine-handling automobile.

The very new, very luxurious Chevelle Malibu Classic. Now that you've looked, come and see.

At your Chevrolet dealer's.

Chevrolet. Building a better way to see the U.S.A.

Chevrolet

rived wearing his New York suits.

"The first thing I see is this six-foot-six dude wearing skin tight pants like leotards, boots up to his knees, no shirt and a gold medallion hanging on his black chest. A few weeks later, I got on the plane for the first exhibition. Hollywood Bag (L. C. Greenwood) is wearing white panty hose and blue hot pants."

Fuqua had found a home. His clothes became his identity, and soon everyone in town was talking and writing about him.

During his first season in Pittsburgh, Frenchy was injured in a game against the Bears. He was forced to sit out the next week's game with Cincinnati. But Frenchy was already accustomed to getting the majority of day-after-the-game print. He couldn't bear to pick up Monday's papers without reading about himself.

"I had to dream up some way to get the pub, man," Frenchy said.

"So that Sunday night I called all the local writers. I told them my favorite hat was stolen and I was running a contest to replace it. I was offering \$100 for the best design.

"Well, the next day it was the biggest news in town. Everyone was talking about me."

Later Monday morning, Frenchy arrived in the Steelers' locker room. He was quickly bombarded by local writers. Greenwood had worn gold football shoes for yesterday's game. He had shown up the Count.

"Hey, man. That isn't fair," Frenchy complained. "The NFL shouldn't allow that. But I'll get back at Hollywood Bag. I got shoes with three-inch glass heels coming from New York. And in each glass heel, you put a gold fish. Man, I'm going to get different colored tropical fish to match every outfit."

He strutted out of the stadium and drove downtown to Our Father's Son, a boutique where he buys his clothes in Pittsburgh.

Frenchy's favorite salesman started to push everything new in Our

Father's Son on his prize customer. A black-and-silver suit. A pink fur coat. Silver shoes with some of the highest heels ever made.

"I know just what Frenchy wants," the salesman said as he pulled anything he could find off the clothes racks. "Frenchy dresses just like me. When I go someplace, I want to be noticed."

Fuqua bought the black-and-silver suit. He bought the high shoes. "The only dude who may be able to outdress me is Walt Frazier," he said, defiantly. "And that's only because he's got the bread. One hundred thou, man."

I told him it's at least \$200,000 and probably closer to \$300,000. He grimaced. Frenchy is making \$42,000 now, with about \$15,000 more from public appearances. He claims that's not enough to do it up the way he really wants to.

"Everyone knows I want mink. Gotta have it. Now, I won't spend \$2000 for one coat. But when we get to that Super Bowl this year and pick up that 25 thou . . . watch out!"

—MARTY BELL



Model 454
Semi-Automatic CO₂
BB Repeater

Great gifts Great guns

14 great models to choose from.
See them at your dealer or write for free catalog.

This Christmas...

It's time for
crosman®

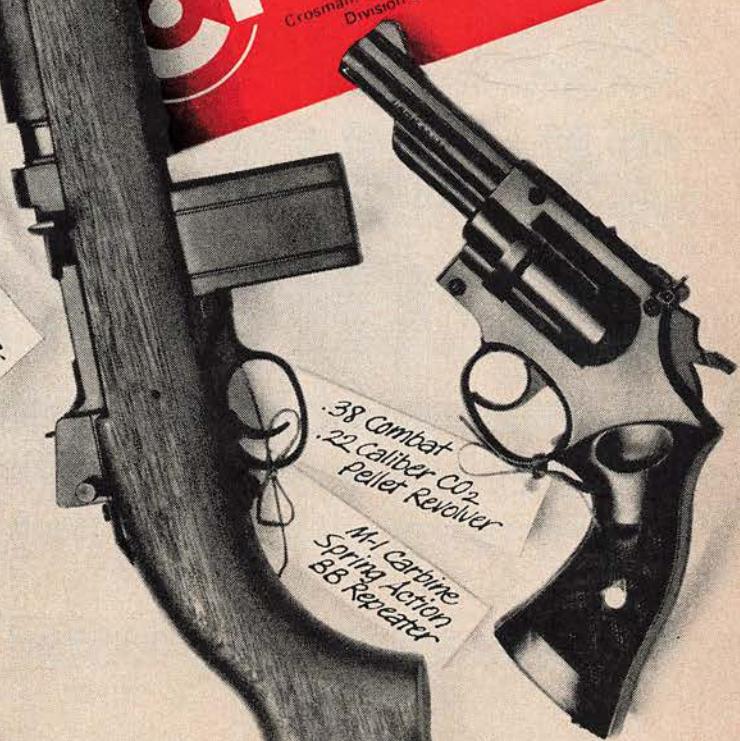
Crossman, Dept. S1273, Fairport, N.Y. 14450
Division of The Coleman Company, Inc.

Coleman®

Model 622
Pellet-Clip Repeater
.22 Caliber CO₂

Model 760
Pneumatic Shoots BBs
or .177 Super Pellets

.38 Combat
.22 Caliber CO₂
Pellet Revolver
M1 Carbine
Spring Action
BB Repeater





Announcing a new, first-of-a-kind program in digital electronics!

BUILD YOUR OWN BELL & HOWELL SOLID-STATE 25-INCH DIAGONAL COLOR TV!

It's an enjoyable way to learn new skills that could launch you into an exciting new field that's revolutionizing industry — digital electronics!

For free information, mail postage-free card today!

Now . . . the world's first color television course employing digital electronics technology!

Get free information now about this complete, learn-at-home program in digital electronics prepared for you by skilled instructors at Bell & Howell Schools.

Work on this exciting "hands on" project integrated into your learn-at-home program!

As part of your program, you build yourself a Bell & Howell solid-state color television set. This important project gives you "hands on" experience with solid-state circuitry—the kind of *practical* experience you'll need to build a successful career.

Talk to our instructors in person for expert help.

A unique advantage of our learn-at-home program is the "help session." Scheduled regularly at Bell & Howell Schools and in cities around the country, these informal seminars give you face-to-face, personal assistance from our instructors. You'll also meet other students and enjoy talking shop.

Master the most up-to-date solid-state and digital technology

As color TV moves closer toward *total* solid-state, and as the more accurate and reliable digital systems begin to appear in home entertainment electronics gear, you'll be thoroughly familiar with the most advanced "trouble-shooting" techniques for the servicing and repair of this new equipment.

Digital electronics is becoming more a part of our lives everyday—and you can cash in on it!

Digital clocks and pocket calculators are already on the market. Soon, everything from speedometers to stereos to kitchen stoves will have digital readout and control systems in place of conventional dials and needles. You can gain the know-how to build, service or repair this new digital equipment, part-time or full-time!

Earn extra income part-time or get ready for your own service business.

We'd like to tell you more about this fascinating electronics program—and how it can lead to a promising future—full or part-time. Mail the attached card today so that our Bell & Howell Schools representative can bring you all the facts you need without obligation.

Exclusive Electro-Lab® Electronics Training System — yours to keep!

To make sure you get practical experience with instruments used daily by professionals, we've integrated into your program three precision instruments you assemble yourself: a Design Console, an Oscilloscope and a Transistorized Meter. (See details at right.)

For Free Information, Mail Card Today!

"Electro-Lab" is a registered trademark of the Bell & Howell Company.



25-Inch picture (measured diagonally)

Detach postage-paid reply card and mail today for free information about . . .

■ **Bell & Howell Solid-State 25-inch Diagonal Color TV:** Ultra-rectangular tube • 25-inch picture measured diagonally • full 315 sq. inch viewing area • solid-state modular circuitry • 4 advanced IC's • 100 transistors • 72 diodes • individual plug-in circuit boards • special UHF/VHF tuning features • built-in self-service components.

■ **Design Console:** "Breadboard" circuits without soldering for both solid-state and vacuum tube experiments • patented modular connectors • transistorized dual-range regulated DC power supply • 12.6 volt center tapped AC power supply • sine and square wave signal generator • test speaker.

■ **Oscilloscope:** Professional technician's diagnostic instrument • 5-inch screen • wide-band • sharp screen images • calibrated for peak-to-peak voltage and time measurements • 3-way jacks for leads, plugs, wires.

■ **Transistorized Voltmeter:** Measures current, voltage, resistance on large dial • combines vacuum-tube voltmeter with multimeter • sensitive, 4-inch, jewel-bearing d'Arsonval movement.

PLUS . . . with your first lesson, you get the Laboratory Starter Kit: a volt-ohm-meter (VOM) with design panels • modular connectors • experimental parts • battery power source. Gives you immediate "hands on" experience with your very first lesson.

If card has been removed, write:
An Electronics Home Study School

DEVRY INSTITUTE OF TECHNOLOGY

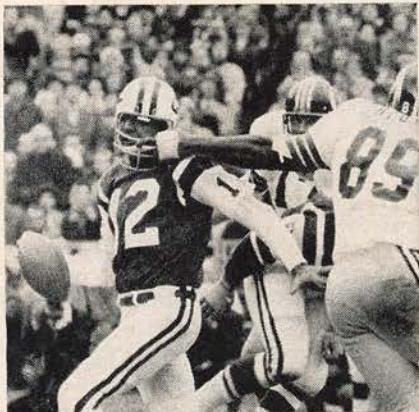
ONE OF THE

BELL & HOWELL SCHOOLS

4141 Belmont, Chicago, Illinois 60641

THE SPORT QUIZ!

GRADE YOURSELF
14-16 EXCELLENT
11-13 VERY GOOD
8-10 FAIR



Joe Namath

1. Which one of the following quarterbacks never passed for over 500 yards in a single game?
- Joe Namath
 - Y.A. Tittle
 - Norm Van Brocklin

2. Which one of the following quarterbacks does not share the record for the most touchdown passes in a single season (36)?
- Johnny Unitas
 - Y.A. Tittle
 - George Blanda

3. Which quarterback has been involved in the most Super Bowls?
- Bart Starr
 - Earl Morrall
 - Len Dawson

4. True or false: Pro running backs Ed Podolak, Tom Matte and Paul Hornung were all quarterbacks in college.
- False*

5. What quarterback holds the record

for most yards gained by passing in one season (4007)?

- Sonny Jurgensen
- Johnny Unitas
- Joe Namath

6. Which one of the following quarterbacks is not among those who have thrown a record seven touchdown passes in a game?

- Joe Kapp
- Y.A. Tittle
- Johnny Unitas



George Blanda

7. Which one of the following did not win the Heisman Trophy as a senior in college?

- Jim Plunkett
- Steve Spurrier
- Bob Griese

8. Who gained the most yards rushing among the quarterbacks in the AFC in 1972?

- Terry Bradshaw
- Jim Plunkett
- Mike Phipps

9. Which one of the following quarterbacks did not play in the first AFL championship game?

- Jack Kemp
- Babe Parilli
- George Blanda

10. Match the back-up quarterback with the starting quarterback he played behind as a rookie.

- | | |
|-----------------|---------------|
| Bill Munson | John Unitas |
| Daryle Lamonica | Roman Gabriel |
| Gary Cuozzo | Jack Kemp |

11. Which one of the following failed

to complete 50 percent of his passes in 1972?

- Marty Domres
- Terry Bradshaw
- Greg Landry



Bart Starr

12. Which one of the following former all-star quarterbacks went to college on a basketball scholarship?

- Sammy Baugh
- Otto Graham
- Bob Waterfield

13. Who was the third quarterback drafted by the Jets in 1965 when they also drafted Joe Namath and John Huarte?

- Archie Roberts
- Bob Schweickert
- Sandy Stephens

14. Which one of the following actors did not portray a quarterback in a feature motion picture?

- Charlton Heston
- Alan Alda
- Joe Namath

15. Which one of the following quarterbacks did not win a league or divisional scoring title?

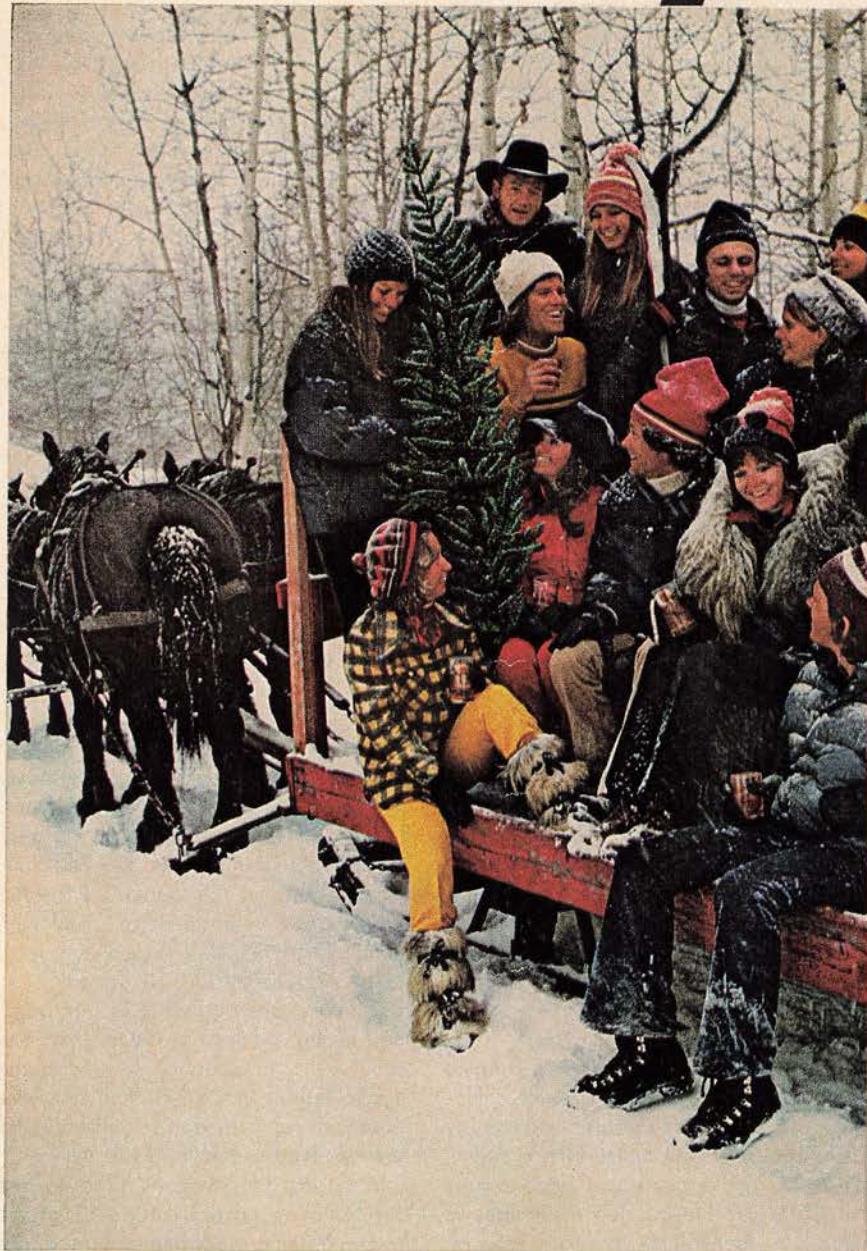
- Bobby Layne
- George Blanda
- Norm Van Brocklin

16. Which one of the following quarterbacks did not win a league or divisional punting title?

- Steve Spurrier
- Norm Van Brocklin
- Sammy Baugh

FOR ANSWERS TURN TO PAGE 98

Share America's Whiskey.



When you head out for a Christmas party in the country, sometimes you find the roads aren't plowed.

Sometimes you find there aren't any roads.

But no matter. A little snow won't hold you back. Not when the lodge is just around the bend. Where the fire is crackling, and a turkey's turning on the spit.

It's a time when old friends make new friends, and everyone shares the joy of the season.

It's a time when all over America, people share the friendly taste of Seagram's 7 Crown. Not only as a gift, but in the holiday drinks they serve.

Seagram's 7 is America's favorite whiskey. Especially for America's favorite time of year.



**Give Seagram's 7 Crown.
It's America's favorite.**



DIDN'T YOU USED TO BE...

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE?



The audience sat on the edge of their seats. William Shakespeare called to his players and they took their positions. Andy Pilney received the snap, handed the ball to Shakespeare on a reverse and Shakespeare lofted a pass that Wayne Millner caught in the end zone. Marry! This Shakespeare was not playing to the English, but for the Irish. And that pass gave his 1935 Notre Dame team a stunning, last-second 18-13 upset victory over unbeaten Ohio State. Sir Francis Bacon himself couldn't have written a better script.

William Valentine Shakespeare was the left halfback for Notre Dame from 1933 to 1935, in between the legendary eras of Knute Rockne and Frank Leahy. Like his namesake, Notre Dame's Shakespeare possessed a great flair for drama.

He once ran from scrimmage for 95 yards. He threw half a dozen touchdown passes of over 50 yards. In 1935, against Pittsburgh, the pride of Eastern football, he punted the ball from the back line of his end zone, 80 yards in the air and 100 yards in all, to

place the Panthers in a hole and preserve another 9-6 upset victory. He was known as the best punter of his time.

Shakespeare was an All-America in his senior year and finished second to Jay Berwanger in the voting for the first Heisman Trophy. Exeunt the Bard of South Bend from football. But not from drama.

Commissioned as a second lieutenant, he fought with the 106th Infantry Division in several major European campaigns. At the Battle of the Bulge, Captain Shakespeare captured a German captain and discovered a secret Nazi plan to enter Versailles in American uniforms and board American jeeps to assassinate General Eisenhower. He may have lost the Heisman trophy, but he won the Bronze Star.

Today, the 61-year old Shakespeare lives in Cincinnati and is the president of the Cincinnati Rubber Company.

Football's Shakespeare, like literature's Shakespeare, will long be remembered for his great plays. At least by Notre Dame fans.

INSIDE FACTS BY ALLAN ROTH

Only four active NHL players began the 1973-74 season with lifetime scoring averages of better than one point per game. . . . Boston's Bobby Orr and Phil Esposito are in a virtual tie for top honors, with the best averages in league history. . . . In his seven NHL seasons, Orr has produced 613 points in 467 games, an average of 1.31 per game, compared to a 1.30 average for Esposito (898 points in 691 games). . . . Chicago veteran Stan Mikita ranks third with a 1.10 average (1074 points in 976 games), and Gil Perreault is fourth, with a 1.01 average (234 points in 232 games in three seasons with Buffalo).

Esposito actually has dominated the scoring columns in the last six seasons,

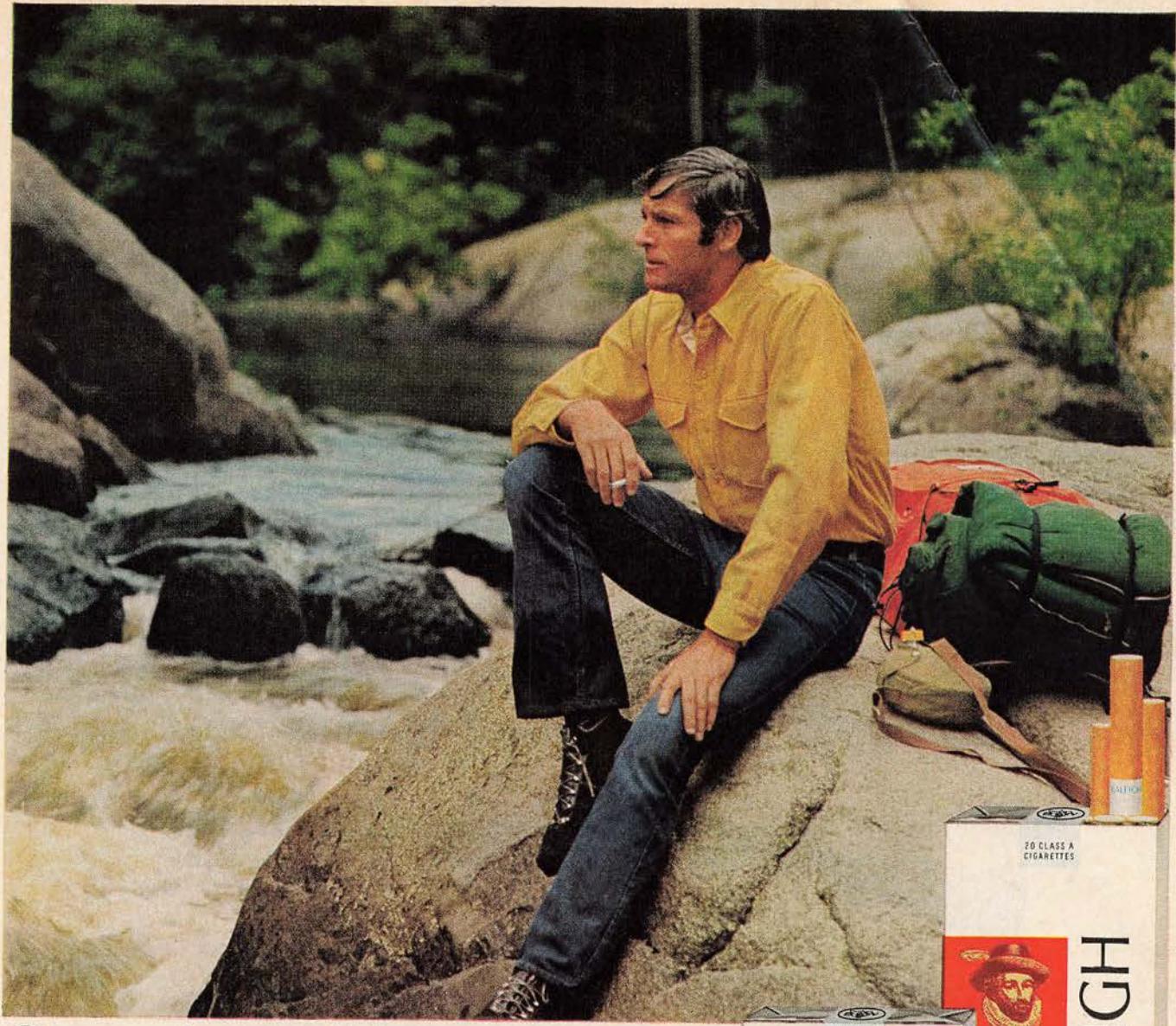
averaging 1.59 points per game during his career with Boston, more than twice as high as his 0.74 average in his three-and-a-half years with the Black Hawks. . . . He has led the league in points, rather easily, in each of the last three seasons, and in the last six years, he has led four times and finished second twice. . . . last year he topped runner-up Bobby Clarke by 26 points.

Esposito has had remarkable balance between goals and assists, with a lifetime average of .576 goals per game (by far the best among active NHL players), and .723 assists per game (second only to Orr). . . . He has led the league in goals in each of the last four seasons, after tying for second in 1968-69. . . . He had his fifth 40-or-more goals season last year. . . . Yvan Cournoyer, who had his third 40-goal season last year, is the only other active NHL player who has done it more than twice.

In the last six seasons, Esposito has

led the league in assists three times and was runner-up to Orr three times. Bobby Orr has had an amazing record as a play-maker in the last four seasons, leading the league by a wide margin three years in a row, and then being nosed out by Esposito last year, 75 to 72 (Orr missed 15 games). . . . His lifetime average of .925 per game (432 in 467 games) is best in NHL history. . . . In scoring, Orr was the league leader in 1969-70 (the only defenseman ever to lead), runner-up the next two years, and third last year.

In the last four seasons, Esposito and Orr have accounted for all 12 of the league-leading performances in goals, assists and points—eight by Esposito and four by Orr. . . . Esposito has a lifetime total of 11 league-leading awards. . . . Stan Mikita ranks next to Esposito as a league-leader, among active players, with a total of seven, leading in points four times and in assists three times.



Spend a milder moment with Raleigh.

A special treatment softens the tobaccos
for a milder taste.

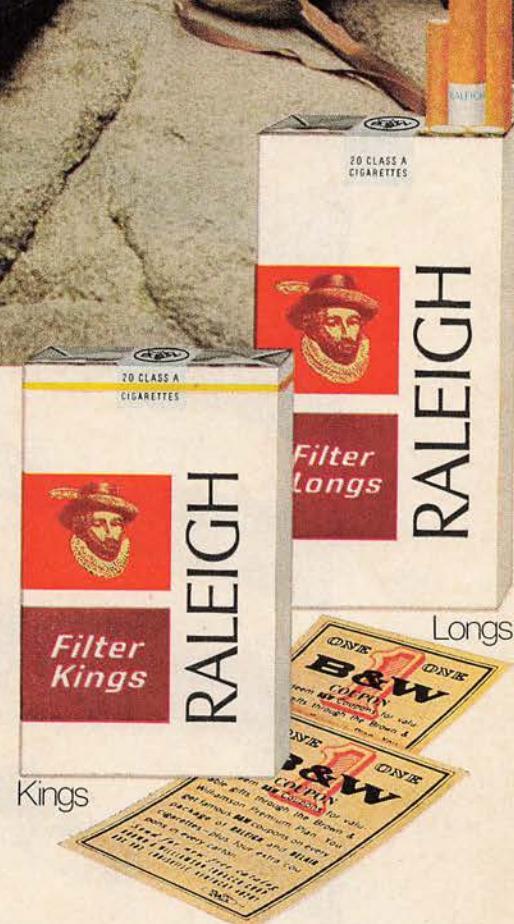


Quench your thirst anytime,
anywhere, from this sturdy 2-qt.
aluminum canteen by Mirro. It's
yours with removable duck cover
and adjustable shoulder strap for
free B&W coupons, the valuable
extra on every pack of Raleigh.

To see over 1000 gifts, write
for your free Gift Catalog:
Box 12, Louisville, Ky. 40201.

© BROWN & WILLIAMSON TOBACCO CORP.

Filter Kings, 16 mg. "tar," 1.2 mg. nicotine; Longs, 18 mg. "tar,"
1.3 mg. nicotine, av. per cigarette, FTC Report February '73



Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined
That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

The spirit of Christmas past.

Once, a very long time ago, there were Christmas mornings filled with the smells of wild sage and saddle leather.

With sod huts and hitching posts and cattle to be fed. And always, the tree. With its popcorn chains and paper stars and all the gifts beneath it. And of all the gifts, one very special one.

A brand new Marlin rifle.

The very same kind of rifle you can still give today. Because in a



hundred years of gunsmithing, we've never really changed the way we make our guns.

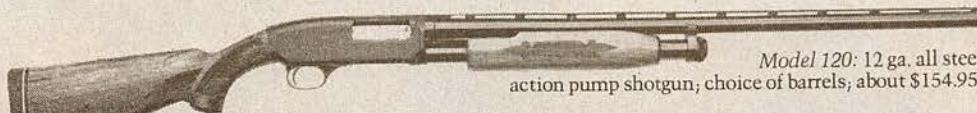
With rich, American black walnut. And the kind of quality craftsmanship and materials that endure for generations.

Marlin. When the spirit moves you.

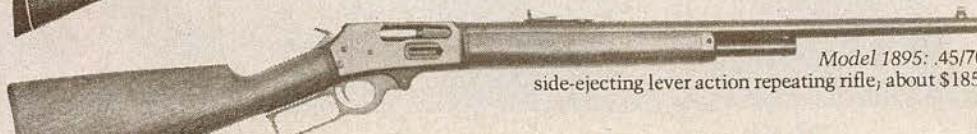
Write for your new 1974 Marlin Catalog. Marlin Firearms Company, North Haven, Connecticut 06473.



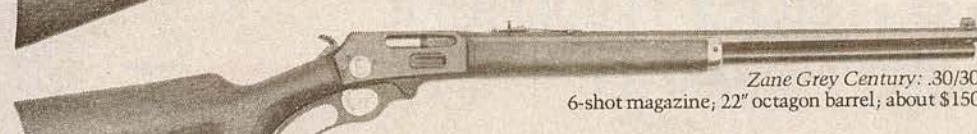
Made now as they were then.



Model 120: 12 ga. all steel action pump shotgun; choice of barrels; about \$154.95.



Model 1895: .45/70 side-ejecting lever action repeating rifle; about \$185.



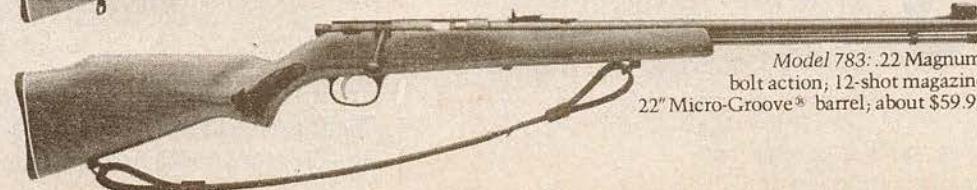
Zane Grey Century: .30/30, 6-shot magazine; 22" octagon barrel; about \$150.



Model 336C: .30/30 Win. or .35 Rem. carbine, side-ejecting lever action; about \$115.



Model 39A: .22 cal.; 24" barrel; also 20", straight grip model 39M; about \$109.95.



Model 783: .22 Magnum, bolt action; 12-shot magazine; 22" Micro-Groove® barrel; about \$59.95.

A WOMAN'S TOUCH



Queen King aced Riggs rarely, but won the jack.

I was for Billie Jean King emotionally, intellectually, politically, psychologically and financially. The same, not surprisingly, was true for all my colleagues at *Ms.* magazine. When we were interviewed by the general press, we alternated between arrogant locker-room bravado ("She'll have to go easy on the old man; he's in menopause") and cool indifference ("For him, it's a comeback bid; for her, it's just another match").

But in the privacy of our own offices, we worried about Billie Jean's virus (not her menstrual cycle; only men assumed that mattered), and we talked about the hard numbers: What were the odds? What were ancillary rights worth? How many new fans might get hooked on woman's tennis?

The morning of the match, we fired off a telegram to Bobby Riggs. It simply said: "Bobby, it's all right to cry." The message was borrowed from the title of a song Rosey Grier sings on the *Ms.* Foundation's non-sexist children's record, "Free To Be, You and Me." We wanted Bobby to benefit from one of the tenets of feminism: In the sadness of defeat, tears aren't feminine, they're human. Our message was both heartfelt and prophetic.

By seven p.m., nearly 100 *Ms.* staff people, friends, spouses, lovers, associates, children and two large dogs had gathered in a Manhattan brownstone where three television sets were playing in various rooms. A sideboard was laden with fried chicken, salad, wine and cheese.

Bella Abzug's husband, Martin, came with a bottle of wine because he was under the impression that the hostess was giving a small dinner party. A bit later, the congresswoman herself arrived directly from the airport, where, she said, two strangers asked if she was interested in a wager on the match. "I told 'em I only bet with congressmen," she said.

Marlo Thomas sat down on the floor in front of one TV set and announced that this match was the most important event of her adult life.

It began. The circus-style grand entrances got a few snickers from the group. There were raucous boos for Bobby's gift to Billie Jean of an all-day sucker, embarrassed laughter when she presented him with the squealing pig (we really didn't think she had to play it his way).

When the TV commentary was audible again, it became evident that Howard Cosell was going to be a downer—patronizing and prolix, as usual. On the other hand, Rosie Casals immediately became our collective alter ego—a calm ascerbic voice in the midst of all the babble.

Because of ABC's appallingly inadequate posting of point scores, those who knew tennis tried to explain the progress of each game to the rest of the viewers. But I'm not sure that any of us really gave a damn about the meaning of deuce or foot faults. We only wanted to know that Billie Jean was winning. And that she was. Even when she dropped a game and blew her lead, we knew she was winning—because we knew she is a winner. Nobody can psych a woman who never bought the idea of female passivity in the first place. For Billie Jean King, victory was part of her birthright. And we felt that victory coming on, because Billie Jean had assured all women it would belong not only to her, but to us.

In the middle of the third set, someone said the Associated Press was on the phone to interview Gloria Steinem. After a few minutes of conversation, Gloria held up the receiver and shouted through the house: "The AP wants to know how we feel?" A deafening roar of celebration was the answer.

It was over in straight sets. A pure and perfect triumph. Champagne corks popping. Bearhugs. Dancing. Bella slapping people on the back: "Y'see, wha'd I tell ya! Oh, how I wish Congress would be in session tomorrow!"

I know what I'll remember most. The exhilaration of watching a major sports event as razzle-dazzle as the Super Bowl, as big as the World Series—but this time one of the stars was one of my own. I could relate. I could identify. I could trip out the way little boys and grown men do when they imagine how they would have stolen that base, blocked that kick or taken that lob.

Of course, Billie Jean King has improved the reality of tennis for women. But she has also given women a sports fantasy life we never had, a standard of performance we never dreamed possible, and a proud hero we sorely needed. No matter how many bets she won for us, we'll always owe her that above all.

Our telegram to Billie Jean says it best: "From all of us who have been forced to grow used to defeat, thank you from the bottom of our hearts for showing us victory. We will never again settle for less."

—LETTY COTTIN POGREBIN

AMC  **GREMLIN**

RELIEVE THE FUEL SHORTAGE

AMC Gremlin is the only U.S. sub-compact with a standard six-cylinder engine. Yet for all its engine, the car is very easy on gas. Averages over 18 mpg, depending upon the way you drive. And Gremlin still out-accelerates, weighs more, has a wider track, wider front seat, and wider back seat than any other car in its class.

If you want to know what else Gremlin relieves, price one.



AMC BUYER PROTECTION PLAN

NO ONE ELSE HAS IT

We at American Motors are very proud of our exclusive Buyer Protection Plan. And we invite you to examine it closely to see just what it does for you.

First of all, you'll find that AMC is the only company that will fix or replace free any part—except tires—for 12 months or 12,000 miles whether the part was defective, or it just plain wore out under normal use and service. And that means any part—even those annoying little things that occasionally wear out like spark plugs, wiper blades and light bulbs. All we require is that the car be properly maintained and cared for in the fifty United States or Canada, and that guaranteed repairs or replacement be made by an American Motors dealer.

AMC has a plan to provide you with a free loaner car if guaranteed repairs take overnight.

And AMC offers a special trip interruption plan which provides up to \$150 for food and lodging should your car need guaranteed repairs more than 100 miles from home.

We've even established a special toll-free hotline to Detroit. If you don't think we're living-up to our promises call us. We'll do something about it.

AMERICAN MOTORS CORPORATION

We back them better because we build them better.

OLD QUARTERBACKS NEVER DIE... They Get Hurt

BY DICK SCHAAP

Joe Namath has spent a good part of his life in agony. (If you believe the rumors, he has also spent a good part of his life in ecstasy, but that's a different story.) He has been assaulted by tackles, molested by linebackers and sliced by surgeons. Yet nothing has ever hurt Namath quite so much as he will be hurt when he reads the title on the top of this page.

Joe Namath thinks he is 24 years old.

I hate to be the guy to tell you this, Joe, but you are now 30 years old. You are suffering through your ninth season as a professional quarterback. And—this is going to cut deeper than Dr. Nicholas ever did—for the first time since we met, you and I are both living in the same decade of our lives—the fourth. Sorry about that, Joe.

When I was working with Namath in 1969 on his autobiography,

I Can't Wait Until Tomorrow . . . 'Cause I Get Better Looking Every Day, I wrote a sentence quoting Joe as saying, "I'm only 26 years old." When Namath read the sentence, he told me, "Take out the only."

"Why?" I said.

"Because 26 isn't *only*," he said, seriously. "That's old."

Which explains, first, why I can now call Namath an old quarterback and, second, why he now tells people he is 24.

I wish you were 24 years old, Joe. That was a beautiful year, the year from May 31, 1967, through May 30, 1968. You got through the first ten months of that year without being operated on once. And when you did get operated on, in March, 1968, it was only for a small tendon tear in your left knee. (That's not like you; you usually get ripped up big.) That was the year you played on a winning team

for the first time since college. It was the year before the Super Bowl, the year before the best year of your life. I don't blame you for thinking you're 24 years old.

Joe Namath ought to be 24 years old. He ought to be on the brink of a world championship and on the brink of a brilliant career. The truth is that Namath has not had a brilliant career, not by the standards of his potential. For anyone else, it would be a brilliant career, but not for him. Not for him because, if you can trust the people who are supposed to know such things, Joe Namath is the greatest passer in the history of football. He is also very good at reading defenses and at field strategy and at inspiring teammates and at doing everything a quarterback is supposed to do, except two things: Running with a football, which isn't that important, and winning championships, which is.



They Get Hurt

CONTINUED



After his Super Bowl victory in January, 1969, Namath became a part-time professional actor. Had he chosen the stage, instead of movies, and opted for Shakespearean drama, instead of motorcycle melodrama, he would have been type-cast in *As You Like It* or *All's Well That Ends Well*. There seemed no good reason why Namath and his Super Bowl New York Jets, a young and gifted team, couldn't go on winning championships, or at least coming excitingly close. They did come close in the fall of 1969. But that was it. Somebody fouled up the script. The Jets haven't had a winning season since 1969. Namath, wounded, sat out most of the 1970 season and almost all of the 1971 season. In 1972, he came back and played two of the greatest games any quarterback has ever played, the second and third 400-yard-plus games of his career; he also endured some miserably frustrating games. Somebody slipped him *The Tempest*.

Remember how surprised I was when you told me the best play you'd ever seen was King Lear, with Lee J. Cobb? I'm not surprised now. You had every right to love a play about a threatened king who, faced with a lot of problems, reacts in the only logical way: He goes crazy. You have every right now to be on the edge of madness yourself.

At the start of the 1973 season, Joe Namath was handed the best script he had seen in years. He had been absolutely brilliant in the exhibition games, and the Jets had won four out of six, their best pre-season record since the pre-Super Bowl days. For his opening game, Namath couldn't have asked for a better setting: He was facing the perfect opposition—the Green Bay Packers, defending champions in the NFC's Central Division—in front of the perfect audience—

The quarterback is the most visible man on a football field, which is very good for his image and very bad for his body.

48,000 Wisconsin football fanatics who had never before seen Namath in the flesh, plus 20 or so million Monday-night football fanatics.

All Namath needed was to put on one of his spectacular passing displays, and lead the Jets to victory over the Packers, and all the frustrations of 1970, 1971 and 1972 would be forgotten, at least temporarily. Namath worked as hard as he had ever worked, preparing for the Green Bay game. He studied game films endlessly, analyzing every move of the Green Bay secondary, of Ken Ellis, Willie Buchanon, Al Matthews and Jim Hill. He liked what he saw.

"We're gonna kill 'em," Joe predicted, at dinner in Milwaukee the night before the game. Then he cut short his smile and dropped his voice. "Offensively," he said.

The Jet defense was suspect. The Jets had surrendered a lot of points in exhibition games. Everyone around the Jets, from Weeb Ewbank to Namath to the fans, was worried about the defense.

But nobody, from Namath down, was concerned about the offense. He had brilliant receivers in Rich Caster, Jerome Barkum and Eddie Bell, and even though the running backs were not at their peak—Emerson Boozer missed part of training camp, holding out for more money, and John Riggins missed all of training camp, for the same reason—Namath knew he could put points on the scoreboard.

The day of the game, rain fell in Milwaukee, creating some fears that a sloppy field and a wet ball might cut Namath's passing efficiency. But by game time, the rain stopped, and despite a raw, ugly night, despite the fact that the game was being televised locally, only 759 of 48,000 ticketholders didn't show up in County Stadium. Namath, unquestionably, was the lure. Henry Jordan, the Packers' former All-Pro tackle, explained Joe's appeal best. "Hell," said Jordan, "I been watchin' him shave long enough. Now I want to see him pass."

The fans of Wisconsin were so

charged up by Namath's presence that, at the Jets' motel headquarters, he was assigned 24-hour police protection. He needed it more on the field.

The Jets opened strong. They kicked off and held Green Bay, and then Namath took command. After a pair of offside penalties and a Boozer run moved the Jets close to midfield, Namath hit Barkum for 13 yards. Then he hit Barkum again for 19 more. Then he hit Jim Nance, replacing Riggins in the starting backfield, for five more. Namath was three-for-four and down on the Green Bay 15-yard line. For all practical purposes, the Jet season ended right there.

On second and five, Tom MacLeod, a rookie linebacker, blitzed through the Jet line untouched and pinned Namath for a ten-yard loss. Nance, who was supposed to protect Namath, had never seen MacLeod coming. As punishment, Nance, the leading ground-gainer in the AFC in pre-season play, came out of the game. Riggins went in, and Riggins was rusty. The Jet attack fizzled. Namath called for Caster to carry on an end-around, and the play lost eight yards. Somebody in the press box said, "That was a real Bradshaw call," and no comment could have been crueler. The day before Namath had watched Pittsburgh play on television, and he had taken some of Terry Bradshaw's calls as an affront upon his chosen profession.

Bobby Howfield missed a long field goal, and Namath and the Jets never crossed midfield again until the final quarter. By then, the Jets were losing, 23-0. Namath finally brought his team within scoring range, and three straight times, he threw to Barkum cutting into the left corner of the end zone. Three straight times, Ken Ellis broke up the play.

Namath faced the threat of his first shutout since 1966, his second professional season. But Al Woodall, the back-up quarterback, saved Namath from statistical embarrassment. In the closing seconds, Woodall hit rookie receiver David Knight

for a touchdown; Knight beat Ellis. The final score was 23-7. The Jet defense had exceeded expectations; the Jet offense had not materialized. "Kenny Ellis never played that well in his life," said Namath afterward.

The following week, Namath did not last even one quarter against the Baltimore Colts. Ten minutes into the game, a Baltimore linebacker named Stan White sacked Namath. As Joe went down, his right shoulder hit the ground. The shoulder was separated.

Dr. James Nicholas, the orthopedic surgeon who specializes in Namath's knee, would have operated on any normal human being's shoulder. But superstars, especially those with a high threshold of pain, get special treatment. Namath accepted weeks of severe pain and passed up surgery in the hope he might pass again this season. His courage is as vast as his talent.

Namath unquestionably will display both gifts again on a football field. Whether he will ever display them in a Super Bowl again is unlikely. Given the state of the Jet morale, given the tightness of Weeb Ewbank's pursestrings and the slackness of his discipline, the Jets seem no championship threat in the near future. Namath can dream of being traded to Los Angeles or to Miami, his favorite cities, but the Jets can't afford to give him up. It would be the final embarrassment. There's the rub.

Any resemblance between Joe Namath and Julius Caesar is purely proboscidean. But Shakespeare's *Caesar* had a line that seems appropriate: "Thou art the ruins of the noblest man."

In Namath's case, of course, that's ridiculous overstatement. In the first place, he's not quite ruined, and in the second, there must be nobler men somewhere. Yet there are similarities between the noblest Roman and the most scarred Jet. You can't feel too sorry for either of them—each knew more than his share of conquests and grandeur—but each deserved a better fate.

Et tu, Stan White?

There's a lot of good

BEST
B'S

Winston

FILTER CIGARETTES

FULL · RICH
TOBACCO FLAVOR

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined
That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

between "Winston..."
and should."

Winston tastes good GOOD, like a cigarette should.



BY DON KOWET

OLD QUARTERBACKS NEVER DIE... They Become Giants

It was the second Sunday of the season, and the New York Giants were playing the Philadelphia Eagles. For once at Yankee Stadium there was more optimism in the air than pollution. The Giants had won all six of their exhibition games. Their offensive squad had dominated like Secretariat—and was maybe even smarter. Their defensive unit had been as stingy with points as your local bookmaker. True, in the season's opener (a 34-14 New York victory), the Houston Oilers had made the Giants look like pygmies in the second half. However, commentators and coaches alike attributed the Houston comeback to the Giants' overconfidence, not their ineptitude.

But optimism wasn't the only emotion. There was nostalgia, too. Today's game would be the Giants' last in Yankee Stadium, ever. Members of the coaching staff who had worn the Giant uniform during the glory years were more interested in talking about their "most unforgettable moments" than about an opponent foredoomed to be the divisional doormat.

Head coach Alex Webster recalled for reporters the first time he came to the Stadium after he had retired. The glowing highlight for ex-center Ray Wietecha was the 1958 championship game when the Giants were defeated by the Unitas-led Colts in sudden-death overtime. Joe Walton remembered the reception he made in the end zone in the final game of the '62 season, the one that gave Y.A. Tittle his record 33rd touchdown pass. And

Jim Katcavage's fondest recollection was his one and only NFL touchdown—an interception against the Redskins in 1961.

Just then Norm Snead, the Giants' 34-year-old quarterback strolled by. He pointed out that he was the Redskin quarterback who had made Katcavage's moment unforgettable. Snead said he'd never forget that game, either. It was his rookie year, the Redskins lost, 53-0, Norm suffered the worst physical beating he'd ever had, and the game marked the beginning of his reputation as a "loser."

Every sport has its scapegoats—human coat-hooks labeled "Hang Blame Here." Just as the NBA used to have Wilt Chamberlain, for years hounded by critics who claimed he always "lost the big one," the NFL had Norman Snead. The only difference is that no one ever accused Snead of losing a big game. He never got near a big game. His teammates were too busy losing all the little ones.

For 11 seasons Norm Snead was the NFL's reigning scapegoat. Few cared that during his three years with the Redskins he took a beating that would have propelled George Chuvalo into early retirement. Later, in Philadelphia, he showed up at Franklin Field Sunday after Sunday—even though he knew he stood less chance of getting mugged in New York's Central Park, alone, at midnight.

Snead was beaten, but he never quit. Not in Washington. Not in Philadelphia. Not in Minnesota where he spent the 1971 season,

much of it on the bench.

Then, at the beginning of the 1972 season, he was in New York, wearing his fourth NFL uniform in three years. New York was a logical place for Snead, then 33, to wind up. The Giants had, over the years, proven their hospitality to aging quarterbacks. Charley Conerly was their starting quarterback in 1961 at the age of 40, then was succeeded by Y.A. Tittle who took over the job at 34 and held it until he was 37. But Snead was greeted in New York by a chorus of caterwauling boos. Most Giant fans saw the trade that shipped Fran Tarkenton to the Vikings in return for Snead and receiver Bob Grim as one more senseless blunder.

But Snead surprised everyone. In 1971, under Tarkenton, the Giants had been 4-9-1. In 1972, under Snead, the Giants were 8-6-0. Finally, Norm Snead was a winner. And if statistics are any measure of a quarterback's performance, in 1972 Norm Snead was the best quarterback in the entire National Football League.

In 1961, the year Norm Snead made his professional debut with the Redskins, two other rookie quarterbacks also won starting roles with NFL teams—Bill Kilmer and Fran Tarkenton. Kilmer worked out of San Francisco's shotgun offense, and he was more a runner than a passer. Tarkenton excelled at both arts for Minnesota. Snead was purely a passer—on the team with the worst record in the NFL.

By then, defeat was already Snead's old friend. "I was born in Yorktown, Virginia," Snead likes to

They Become Giants

CONTINUED

say. "At the Battle of Yorktown, the English lost the Revolutionary War. The English quarterback—General Cornwallis—he surrendered."

Snead never surrendered, but frequently he adopted the tactic which Marines call a "strategic regrouping" and the rest of us call a retreat. The son of a shipyard worker, Snead attended Wake Forest College on a combined basketball and football scholarship. It was during the late '50s, when Wake Forest with an enrollment of only 2300 was trying to play David among the Goliaths of the Atlantic Coast Conference. Before Snead and his slingshot arm, the Deacons were regularly overwhelmed. With Snead, the Wake Forest balance-of-points deficit shrunk, but the Deacons lost anyway.

Fortunately for Snead, pro scouts put more emphasis on his arm, mind and body than on his won-lost record. He was six-foot-four and 215 pounds. He performed well under pressure. His arm was reputed to be one of the best ever. He could withstand punishment. He was studying for the ministry, he was married, he even had a crew-cut . . . and how coaches in the early '60s loved a clean quarterback.

Sheltered by a pro offensive line with a pro defense keeping the game within reach, the scouts argued, Snead would be devastating.

Snead wasn't devastating. Snead was devastated. The Washington Redskins had neither a pro offense nor a pro defense. After three losing seasons, in 1964 Snead was traded for Sonny Jurgensen. Snead had started with the last-place Redskins. He was traded to the last-place Eagles.

In Snead's seven years with the Eagles, only once did the team have a winning season, in 1966. Snead's best year was 1967, when he completed 55.3 percent of his passes

for 3399 yards and 29 touchdowns. But the Eagles still lost a majority of their games.

Philadelphia fans, sportswriters and stockholders decided that Norm Snead was a "loser," despite the fact that after ten years as a pro, he had completed 1711 of 3328 passes (51.4 percent) for 23,978 yards and 157 touchdowns.

The Snead-baiters were only interested in one statistic: In ten years, Snead had been intercepted 195 times. From that one, unsurprising figure (given the Eagles' overall weakness), critics in Philadelphia extrapolated the following epitaphs to Norm Snead's career: a) Snead was a mad bomber, b) Snead panicked under pressure, c) Snead lacked "leadership quality."

The positive statistics refute the "mad bomber" accusation. The only argument statistics can't settle is whether or not Snead was a "leader." Translated, that means: Did Norm Snead lack self-confidence?

"I always knew I could do the job," Snead says. "I always knew I could throw. But true self-confidence is something you get from winning ballgames. You can have the best stats in the league, but if you're losing ballgames, you feel you're at fault, you're to blame. That's the strange thing about people saying I wasn't a leader," he adds. "The reason I may have lacked some self-confidence was because I knew I was the leader. Whatever else happened, I was the quarterback. When I made a bad throw, in my mind I didn't say, 'Gee, I didn't have time, my protection collapsed.' I said to myself, 'You made a bad throw. There are no excuses. Next time make a good one.'"

Snead speaks in a soft, choir-boy voice. He rarely shows emotion, he almost never screams at his players in the huddle. Because of this, some of the Eagles said that Norm Snead just did not know how to

assert his authority.

Snead's only answer is: "The greatest way to assert authority is to call a successful play. There's nothing like a 40-yard touchdown to make them believe in you."

In any case, the *fans* certainly thought Snead was the leader. By the 1970 season, the *boo* had become Snead's personal anthem. The fans were dishing out mental punishment equal to the physical beating Norm was absorbing on the field. Norm was 31. He had developed a sore arm in training camp that didn't respond until late in the season. He was depressed, withdrawn. When he'd arrived in Philadelphia, fans had stopped him on the street to ask for his autograph. Now they treated him differently. One week before the 1970 season ended, Snead and his wife Suzy were accosted by an irate Eagles' fan.

"The guy rushed up and started in on me," Snead recalls. "He said, 'If I was as big as you, I'd show you what I think of your Eagles.' I told him, 'Look, if you feel that way, buy a ticket and come out to the stadium Sunday and boo me, but don't start up here. I'm with my wife and this is my private life and I don't appreciate your intruding.'"

Norm Snead, after ten years as a pro, had 20/200 vision in one eye, bad knees, a tender passing arm and a scarred psyche.

But fate had reserved a few more slaps in the face for him. On the morning of January 28, 1971, the Eagles acquired quarterback Greg Barton from Detroit. Barton had been with the Lions for three seasons but had played in only one league game. On the strength of Barton's untried arm, the Eagles dealt Norm Snead to the Minnesota Vikings, accepting in return an obscure defensive tackle named Steve Smith and three draft picks. Not even Eagles owner Jerry Wolman went so far as to claim he got value for value.

"The atmosphere in this city toward Norman was a consideration in making the move," he said, with

admirable understatement.

"Pete Retzlaff (the Eagles' GM) told me it was a tough decision to make," Snead says. "He said they did it to give me a chance to play for a good team."

"I laughed," he adds.

The Eagles were obviously anxious to dispose of Snead. But Norm didn't care; for the first time in his entire career, he was going to play for a proven winner.

That turned out to be only half true. The Vikings did keep on winning, but Norm Snead almost never got to play. As the 1971 pre-season unfolded, it became apparent that coach Bud Grant was holding a contest for the starting quarterback slot, the contestants including Gary Cuozzo, Norm Snead and punter-quarterback Bob Lee. The press and Cuozzo and Snead and Lee waited for Bud Grant to name his

first-string quarterback. When the regular season ended, they were still waiting.

Cuozzo started the first two games. Minnesota won the first, but lost the second, to the Bears, 20-17. Despite the fact that Cuozzo had thrown two TD passes in the second half, Grant said that Snead would start the third game, against Buffalo. With Snead at the helm, the Vikings beat Buffalo and then Philadelphia. In reward for these two successful performances, the following week Snead was benched. Cuozzo started against the Packers, and the Vikings won. When Cuozzo was unable to move the Vikings against the 49ers, Snead took over in the second quarter. In the fourth quarter, he threw a pass that was intercepted at the 49ers' ten-yard line. It didn't seem important at the time. In retrospect, it turned out to

be the mistake that made him the Vikings' de facto No. 2 quarterback.

Snead sat on the bench from then on. The season seemed wasted. Opportunity had knocked. The door had jammed.

But the door wasn't locked. Late in the season Snead got one more chance. In the fourth quarter, with the Vikings and Giants tied, 10-10, Grant sent Snead in for Cuozzo. In the closing minutes Snead dropped back, faked to a running back, then unleashed a 55-yard touchdown strike, giving the Vikings a 17-10 victory. It was Snead's only TD pass of the year, but the Giants remembered who caught that pass, too—an All-Pro wide receiver named Bob Grim.

Snead wasn't hired to run the ball, but with all the Giant backfield injuries he is forced to try anything.



They Become Giants

CONTINUED

A few months later, Norm Snead and Bob Grim were New York Giants.

The trade evoked strident controversy in New York, elation in Minnesota. Minnesota got Tarkenton, the Giants got two draft choices, a star wide receiver and a second-string quarterback. Head coach Alex Webster immediately announced that Snead would back up Randy Johnson, so the deal looked like Grim for Tarkenton. And that didn't make any sense at all. Grim was good, but the Giants already had enough receivers.

But throughout the exhibition season it was Randy Johnson who started and Randy Johnson who excelled. Only when Johnson was injured did Snead become the first-string quarterback. He took advantage of the opportunity. With the Giants' eager and young offensive line for protection, and Ron Johnson and Bob Tucker for primary targets, at the age of 33 Norm Snead had his finest pro season ever, completing 196 of 325 passes, a remarkable 60.3 percent.

"With Snead at quarterback," said Ron Johnson, "people say we were lucky last year and shouldn't count on him being that good again. But that's just nonsense. He never had a team like this to work with. Look, I had a good year. In Bob Tucker, he has the best tight end in football. Don Herrmann and Rich Houston are among the most underrated wide receivers in the league, and Bob Grim has been an All-Pro."

"This is the best set of pass catchers I've ever worked with," Snead agreed. "We have a young club and we have a balanced attack with good runners. Our defensive unit is getting better all the time. I'm playing better now than I ever did. I feel more comfortable with

this club. My throwing is better than it ever has been as a pro, and I have to think it's because of our approach to the passing game."

The Giants' approach can be characterized in one word: Caution. Snead is the antithesis of a Tarkenton. Snead doesn't gamble.

As one of his former Eagle teammates puts it: "He plays like he is—calm, friendly, the classic family man. I mean, he plays like what he is during the off-season: An insurance salesman. Snead dulls you to defeat."

The last game at Yankee Stadium almost became another unfor-

gettable moment—the wrong kind. The Giants barely eked out a 23-23 tie, when Pete Gogolak kicked a field goal with no time left on the clock. Snead completed 19 passes out of 35 attempts for 272 yards, but still frustrated Giant fans serenaded him with boos, the anthem he thought he had finally escaped.

And when the Giants lost their next two games, each by two points, the old label seemed to be reviving. Never mind that Norm Snead had completed 59 percent of his passes in the first four games. Never mind that in the two defeats, Snead had to operate without the Giants' best runner, Ron Johnson. He was again called a loser.

It was no way to treat a 34-year-old quarterback. By Giant standards, he still had his best years in front of him. ■



Snead is a veritable youngster at 34. Tittle quarterbacked the Giants until he was 37, Connerly stayed on until 40.

This year, be there.

WIN A TRIP TO THE ACTION IN THE

Kent Championship Sweepstakes.

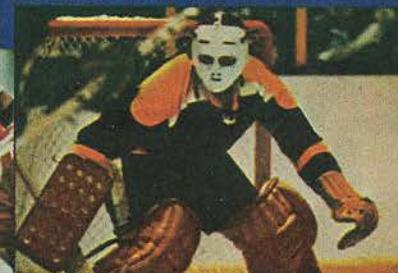
1. NBA FINALS



2. SUPER BOWL



3. NHL FINALS



4. KENTUCKY DERBY



5. INDY "500"



6. WORLD SERIES



7. U.S. OPEN GOLF



8. U.S. OPEN TENNIS



8 Grand Prize Trips to 8 Great Sports Events.

All expense paid trips for two to the championship event(s) you win.
Includes transportation, hotels, meals and sports tickets.

1,563 PRIZES WILL BE AWARDED!

Enter as many events as you like, but choose only one event on each entry. Eight separate drawings will be held to determine Grand Prize winners, one for each sports event. All remaining prizes will be awarded by random drawing from all entries received. See your Kent dealer for additional official entry blanks.

2nd Prize—20 RCA Color Portable TV's

3rd Prize—35 Polaroid 90 Cameras

4th Prize—1,500 Thermo-Serv
Championship Tankards



Kings: 16 mg. "tar," 1.1 mg. nicotine; 100's: 19 mg. "tar,"
1.2 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report Sept. '73.

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined
That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health

KENT CHAMPIONSHIP SWEEPSTAKES OFFICIAL RULES

Eight grand championship event prizes. 1,563 prizes in total. All prizes to be awarded. Enter as often as you like, win more than once.

1. To enter, print your name, address and zip code on the entry form or use a plain piece of paper.

2. Indicate your championship event selection. Select only one event for each entry you submit. If more than one event is indicated, you are disqualified. Mail your entry with bottom flaps from any 2 KENT cigarette packs, or hand print the words "Kent Micromite filter" in block letters on a 3" x 5" piece of paper.

3. Important: You must also write the number of the championship event you are entering on the outside of the envelope in the lower left-hand corner. Failure to indicate the championship event number on the outside of the envelope will void the entry for the Grand Prize only.

4. Enter as often as you wish, but mail each entry separately to: Kent Championship Sweepstakes, P.O. Box 187, Circle Pines, Minn. 55014. To be eligible, entries must be received by the judging organization on or before January 4, 1974.

5. One grand prize winner will be drawn out of the entries in each of the eight separate championship events. If there are no entrants in a championship event, a winner for that event will be selected in a random drawing from all entries not yet awarded a grand prize. The balance of prizes will be determined by random drawing from all other entries received. Spotts International, Inc., is the independent judging organization whose decisions are final.

6. Sweepstakes only open to residents of the U.S.A. over 21 years of age. Lorillard employees and their families, its affiliated companies, its advertising agencies and Spotts International, Inc. are not eligible. Void in Idaho, Georgia and Missouri and wherever else prohibited or restricted by law.

7. Local, state and Federal taxes, if any, are the responsibility of the winners.

8. If you want your favorite dealer to win also, list his name under yours. If you are one of the eight Grand Prize winners, he will receive an RCA color TV set.

9. For a list of Grand Prize through third prize winners (those prizes having a retail value of \$50.00 or more), send a separate, stamped, self-addressed envelope to: Kent Winners List, P.O. Box 175, Circle Pines, Minn. 55014.

NBA FINALS

All Expense Paid Trip For Two To The First Two Games Of The Championship.

SUPER BOWL

All Expense Paid Trip For Two To The Super Bowl. 3 day stay.

NHL FINALS

All Expense Paid Trip For Two To The First Two Games Of The Final Round.

KENTUCKY DERBY

All Expense Paid Trip For Two To The Running Of The Kentucky Derby. 3 day stay.

INDY "500"

All Expense Paid Trip For Two To The Indy 500 Race. 3 day stay.

WORLD SERIES

All Expense Paid Trip For Two To The First Two Games Of The World Series.

U.S. OPEN GOLF

All Expense Paid Trip For Two To The 74th Open Championship. 3 day stay.

U.S. OPEN TENNIS

All Expense Paid Trip For Two To The U.S. Open Tennis Championship. 3 day stay.

Name _____

City & State _____ Zip _____

Address _____

Dealer Name _____

OLD QUARTERBACKS NEVER DIE...

They Get Cut

BY BOB RUBIN

When the New York Jets decided in 1965 to invest heavily in the quarterback market, they put most of their money on two prospects. One of them was a kid coming out of Alabama with a bad knee. The other was a kid coming out of Notre Dame with the Heisman Trophy. The kid from Alabama cost \$400,000, and he turned out to be a bargain. The kid from Notre Dame cost \$200,000, and he turned out to be the most overpriced piece of beef that side of the Nixon economy.

The \$200,000 quarterback, John Huarte, the Heisman Trophy winner from Notre Dame, has put in eight seasons as a professional quarterback. During those eight seasons, he has thrown a total of exactly 48 passes, completed 19 (one for a touchdown), gained 230 yards and allowed four interceptions.

Every single one of his eight-year career statistics has been surpassed in *one game* by his former Jet teammate, the \$400,000 quarterback, Joe Namath.

Based purely on his original bonus—ignoring the various salaries spread over his eight seasons—Huarte has earned \$10,526 for each professional completion, \$869 for each professional yard gained. And even if he never throws another pass, John Huarte, when he reaches the age of 65, will start collecting a pension of \$1283.80 monthly—which means \$67.56 per completion per month for the rest of his life.

And yet John Huarte, now 30 years old, feels he hasn't had a fair

shot at professional football.

Huarte has a point. After all, there are 20 NFL teams that he has not yet played for. He has played for six teams in a total of 24 regular-season games. He has been traded twice, placed on the taxi squad three times and released outright four times. His most recent release came from the Chicago Bears, shortly before the start of the 1973 season. It was the most unkindest cut of all.

The starting quarterback for the Bears is Bobby Douglass, a muscular blond giant who runs like a moose, but throws like one, too. (His completion percentage of 37.9 in 1972 was simply embarrassing by pro standards.) Huarte's only serious competition for Douglass' job, or at least the No. 2 spot behind him, was rookie Gary Huff from Florida State. If he couldn't make it in Chicago, it seems unlikely he could make it anywhere. But Huarte won't buy that. He points out that while he was a Bear, the team played 16 games. In that time, he played a total of one quarter. His entire 1973 work consisted of one completion in four passes for 11 yards in the exhibition opener against Green Bay. In fact, when Huarte found himself standing around with nothing to do, he asked the Bears to release him; he had arrived at the logical conclusion that the coaching staff didn't have big plans for him.

Huarte, however, still maintains he has a bright future in pro football. In eight years, with six teams, in-

cluding such memorable dogs as the 3-10-1 Boston Patriots of 1967 and the 2-12 Philadelphia Eagles of 1968, Huarte insists, he never got a real chance to prove himself. He vows he will not think of quitting until he does get that chance. He points to Earl Morrall, George Blanda, Babe Parilli and all the other examples of late bloomers. He is sure his turn eventually will come.

Huarte waits for his turn at his home in Anaheim, California. He has a wife and four children. He's a real estate broker, but his heart isn't in it. He plays tennis and basketball, throws a football to his brother and waits for his phone to ring.

"But I don't think my chances of playing this year are too bright," he admitted in late September. "But you never can tell. Things can happen suddenly. That's why I put a couple of clubs that are prime prospects on notice that I was available. I've had taxi deals offered to me, but there would be no point in it. From a monetary standpoint, it would not be overly attractive, and it limits your chances to one club."

"Let's say I don't play at all this year. Then what I will very definitely do is go to camp next year as a free agent with the team I think I have the best shot of playing for. I'll only be 30 years old, completely healthy with eight years in the league. Then there's expansion coming up . . . it's a wide-open ballgame. You just never know. There are plenty of guys who take a bonus, play one or two years and quit. And

there are guys like Parilli, Blanda and Morrall who could have quit dozens of times but didn't. You have to have something inside. It's more than the money. It's pride.

"I'm sure I'll play for someone," he continued. "You see, when you've been at this since you were 14, the thing is you have to play it out. You don't ever want to cut yourself short in any profession. Learning to quit is just a habit. Sports is just one aspect of it. If a man develops a habit of quitting, then he'll quit his job, he'll quit his marriage, he'll quit anything he has a problem with. Hell, the man hasn't been born that doesn't have problems. . . . If I had quit football the first time things seemed to be discouraging, I'd have gotten out of it when I was a freshman at Notre Dame. For me, football has always been sort of a struggle.

"The main thing is a ballplayer has to play. If you're drafted high and a team puts a lot of money into you, then they're in a position where they're going to have to give you a good two-year shot. But I never had that shot in New York. I fell into a unique situation. I had enough capital to get by and eat for a while, yet at the same time no one had an

investment in me. I was like a rich free agent.

"Then I had my history against me. I only played one full year of college ball. [He didn't start until his senior year, 1964, when Ara Parseghian became coach.] I had an awful lot to learn as opposed to a guy that, say, plays a year of junior college ball and two years of college ball. Now if I had been thrust into a sink-or-swim situation like, say, Normie Snead was with the Redskins when he was breaking in, then you have a chance to learn and develop, just like Joe Namath did in New York or Terry Bradshaw is doing now in Pittsburgh. There's no substitute for playing time, but those of us who live on the fringe have to accept what we can get. . . ."

Given Huarte's belief in himself, it would be understandable if he were bitter about what he views as a lack of opportunity. He is not. His attitude is so positive and so without rancor that at times it strains credulity. "In the first place, you can say from a purely statistical point of view that you're a really lucky person at 30 years of age to have the physical talent to compete in the NFL," he says. "There's no other

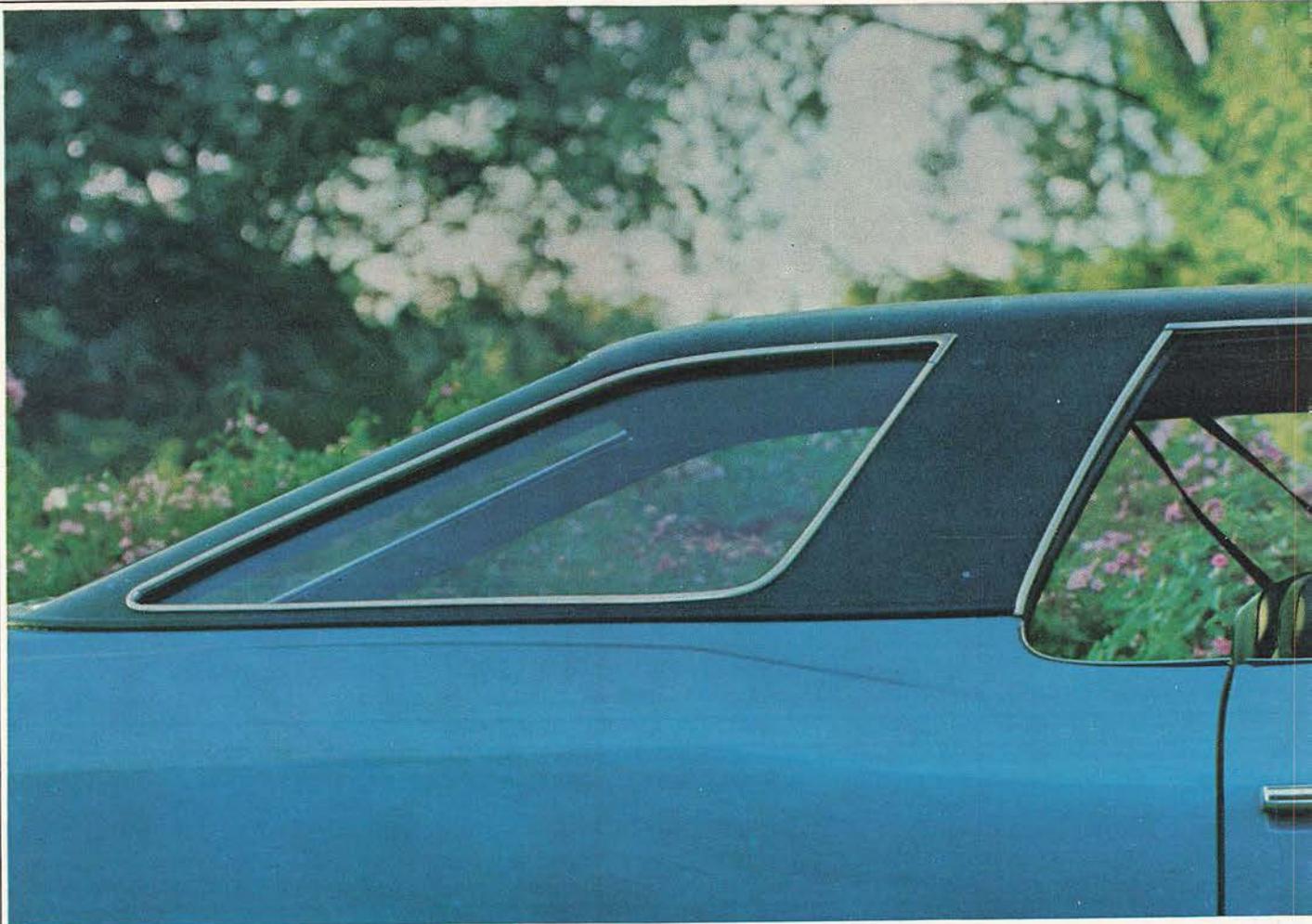
place I've found that has the same excitement. Ask your readers how many of them would like to play in the NFL. Thousands of guys would give their left arms to. That's why I don't understand when people ask me about quitting. For me to say, 'Well, I've had it tough and if I don't get to play a lot in X number of years, I'm going to quit,' would be wrong, I think. For the rest of your life you'd always look back and say to yourself, 'What if I had played one more year?'"

John Huarte doesn't look his age. Were it not for tiny, almost imperceptible wrinkles beginning in the corners of his eyes and a slightly receding hairline, he could be taken for the Notre Dame senior who nine years ago was voted the Heisman over Dick Butkus, Gale Sayers, Tucker Fredrickson, Craig Morton and, of course, Joe Namath.

Huarte is listed at six feet and 185 pounds in the Football Register, but a visitor an inch shorter and ten pounds lighter looked at least as big as Huarte when he stood close to him. The quarterback walks

The Jets picked three passers in 1965—
Namath became a star, Schweickert a
flanker and Huarte (left) a leftover.





GM improves
your outlook on life.



The colonnade roof featured here is shown with an available vinyl top.



GENERAL MOTORS · MAKER OF CHEVROLET · PONTIAC · OLDSMOBILE · BUICK · CADILLAC · GMC TRUCKS AND MOTORHOMES · FRIGIDAIRE APPLIANCES

The improvement is our new colonnade roof, which you'll find on many full-size General Motors cars for 1974. We wanted to create a look that was both contemporary yet timeless—and built for strength. And thanks to thin but strong roof pillars, our new colonnade roof gives you more glass area all around and a feeling of spaciousness for every passenger. What's more, the roof itself has a double construction—two panels of steel with the inner panel acoustically perforated to help absorb sound. All this you'll find in our new colonnade roof. The hard-to-top top from GM.



MARK OF EXCELLENCE

We want you to
drive what you like
and like what you drive.

Get Cut

CONTINUED

with the lithe grace of a natural athlete. His dark, handsome, elfin features (he bears a strong resemblance to actor Jack Nicholson), combined with his Notre Dame background, immediately suggest an Irish ancestry. He laughs and says no, he comes from Basque stock.

Huarte's luck may have been all bad in recent years, but he was fortunate to be a college senior in 1964. The two pro leagues were still at war, and in his battle to gain major-league status in New York, new Jet owner Sonny Werblin was ready to open his bulging wallet.

Namath became the celebrated \$400,000 quarterback. Huarte, selected second by New York and on the sixth round of the NFL draft by the Eagles, signed for \$200,000. Verlon Biggs got \$100,000. The Jets wooed an alleged all-around talent from Virginia Polytechnic Institute named Bob Schweickert with \$100,000, and even went along with Schweickert's request that they provide an escort to the opera for his music-loving mother. Schweickert signed and, in the words of one writer, "proved he could do everything but play one position well."

As evidenced by his sixth-round NFL selection, talent scouts had reservations about Huarte's pro potential. One NFL scout was blunt about his doubts, saying: "Huarte was slow retreating when I scouted him and I saw him in action many times. . . . He throws sidearm, can't throw the real long ball. His directions are restricted; he rolls out naturally, has to think rather long and hard to read a defense, and he doesn't have that explosive quality getting out of there of Unitas and Tittle."

One AFL coach agreed in equally blunt fashion: "He's lousy. He'll never make it. Weeb Ewbank knows it, too. He knows he's stuck with him."

Some have since suggested the Jets drafted Huarte merely for the publicity that signing the Heisman Trophy winner would bring them.

Jet coach Weeb Ewbank recalls Huarte as being insurance against the possibility that the NFL Cardinals would sign Namath. When the Jets signed both, they had to choose who to allow to go to the College All-Star Game. Huarte went and was named the game's Most Valuable Player, completing ten of 13 passes for 135 yards against the NFL champion Cleveland Browns. But it cost him three valuable weeks of learning time with the Jets, and when he returned, he didn't show Ewbank and his staff any evidence that he'd ever catch up.

The rap that he throws sidearm, which has followed Huarte, is "pure fallacy," he says. "I don't throw sidearm but even if I did, it wouldn't make that much difference. You throw in lanes. You're not going to throw over those big people even if you throw straight overhand."

One exhibition game marked the beginning and the end of Huarte's active career as a Jet. He was placed on the taxi squad and spent all of 1965 helping the regulars by imitating New York's upcoming quarterback opponent in practice. "I did play 17 minutes of one game," Huarte says.

Huarte's football odyssey began the following year when the Jets, seeing a chance to get out from under at least part of that \$200,000 burden, traded him to the then-Boston Patriots for end Jim Colclough and draft rights to a center named Jim Waskiewicz. There Huarte found himself behind the aging but still effective Babe Parilli. As a result, he threw a total of 20 regular-season passes in two seasons and wound up playing out his option in hopes of moving to a team where his chances of playing were better.

"Sometimes it's a matter of a man being in the wrong place at the wrong time," says Mike Holovak, the Patriots' coach in 1968 and now an assistant to Ewbank in New York. "John looked like a fine quar-

terback to me, but we had Babe starting. He might have been a little past his prime but he was still a real good quarterback."

Holovak, it should be noted, is one of several pro coaches who have seen Huarte close up and disagree with criticisms of his pure physical ability to throw a football. "He's got a good arm, no doubt about that. He can throw the ball a mile," says the ex-Boston field boss.

The Patriots released Huarte midway through the 1967 season and he was signed by Eagles' coach Joe Kuharich, his original coach at Notre Dame. After spending the remainder of 1967 on the Philadelphia taxi squad, Huarte joined the Eagles full-time the following year, got what has undoubtedly been his finest opportunity to win a starting job . . . and blew it.

Norm Snead's broken leg in the exhibition opener against Detroit left the starting job open for either Huarte or 31-year-old journeyman King Hill to win. Huarte was chosen to start the second exhibition against the Miami Dolphins.

Here's a Philadelphia reporter's account of his performance:

"If his play Saturday night against the supposedly weak Dolphins of Miami is a true indication, then John Huarte will spend a lot of his spare time fondling his Heisman Trophy and memories of glory days at South Bend.

"Because he won't be running the Eagles' attack, unless Kuharich flips the rest of his lid. Huarte in no way resembles a big-league quarterback. His side-wheeling style of throwing the football is inaccurate.

"Time after time against the Dolphins he had Eagle receivers pawing at the dirt with their toes in disgust after a Huarte pass went in the wrong direction. They would be cutting to the outside, Huarte's throw would go to the inside. They would work a sharp pattern to grab a big step on the defender. His pass would lose that step, because he didn't judge the distance accurately. . . ."

Fortunately for Huarte, King Hill wasn't much better and Huarte

got another chance to turn his career around. His first and only regular-season start came against the Giants in the second game of the season. His first and only regular-season touchdown pass came in the opening quarter, a 23-yarder to Izzy Lang.

Then it all fell apart for Huarte. Giant safety Spider Lockhart intercepted a pass. He intercepted another with 10:47 gone in the second quarter and ran it back 72 yards for a touchdown. Other Huarte passes fluttered harmlessly to the ground. He completed only three of nine attempts. Hill replaced him in the second half. Huarte sat on a wooden chair, a clipboard in one hand, a pencil in the other. He scribbled furiously. "When you're sitting there, you see things," he explained afterwards. "If I had gone back in, I would have used them. Maybe they would have worked."

No one will ever know. Hill finished the game and Snead soon returned to reclaim his job. Huarte threw six more passes that season. The following year, on September 3, he was traded with kicker Rick Duncan to the Minnesota Vikings.

He was a Viking for five days, was released, signed by Kansas City and placed on the Chiefs' taxi squad for the 1969 season. Understandably, neither he nor Viking coach Bud Grant have too much to say about his career in Minnesota. "I'm having a bit of a tough time remembering the exact circumstances of his coming here," Grant says. "I don't think we gave up anything for him. . . . I don't know how long he was here, either. Was he on my taxi squad? I don't remember."

Kansas City coach Hank Stram remembers Huarte very well, even though he threw just eight passes for the Chiefs in three years as backup to Len Dawson and Mike Livingston.

"I still think personally that John Huarte has the attitude, the spirit and the ability to play in the National Football League," says Stram.

Huarte had a good exhibition season in 1972 and threw the first



THE CHRISTMAS MEAL AT JACK DANIEL'S has been the same since 1918.

In Jack Daniel Hollow it's always turkey, sweet potatoes and marshmallows, scalloped oysters, broccoli, hot biscuits, coconut cake with custard, and eat till you can't.

To us, that's a very happy holiday. And we wish the same to our good friends everywhere.



CHARCOAL
MELLOWED
DROP
BY DROP

Tennessee Whiskey • 90 Proof • Distilled and Bottled by Jack Daniel Distillery
Lem Motlow, Prop., Inc., Lynchburg (Pop. 361), Tennessee
Placed in the National Register of Historic Places by the United States Government.

Get Cut

CONTINUED

touchdown pass in the history of the Chiefs' new Arrowhead Stadium. It was the start of his third season in Kansas City and, feeling as secure as he's ever felt in pro ball, he moved his family from California, rented an apartment and bought furniture.

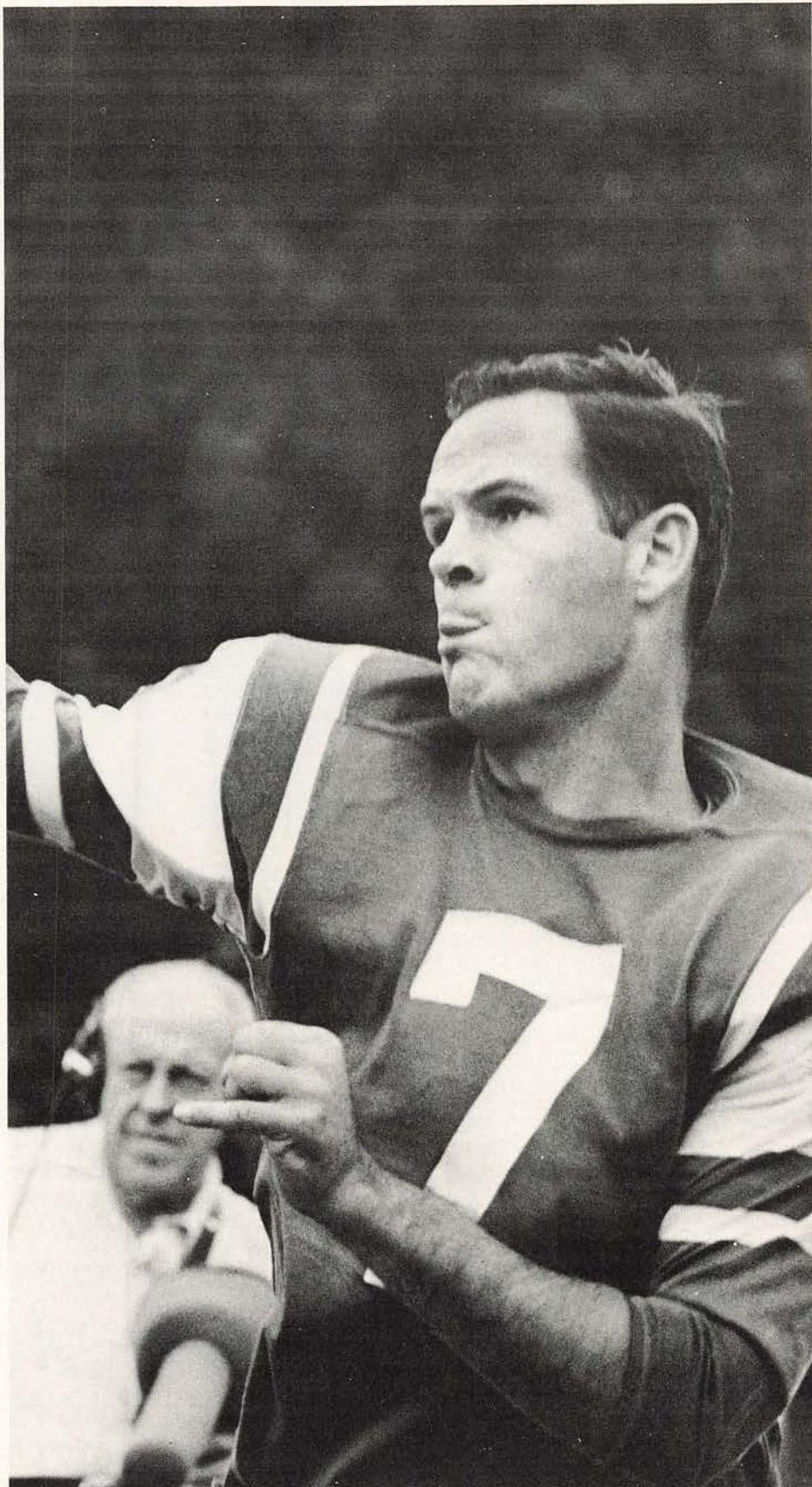
Five days before the regular-season opener, Stram called him into his office. "I thought, 'Oh God, no,'" Huarte recalls. "Then Hank said he had put me on waivers and that a friend of his over in Chicago, Abe Gibron, only had one quarterback and that it might be a good opportunity for me to play. I was shocked at first but then I thought, 'Heck, it's better to play in Chicago than sit on the bench in Kansas City.' So I was really sky high when I got to Chicago, but it turned out their offense was based on the quarterback running the ball and I played next to nothing.

"But I'm not bitter that it didn't work out with the Bears. Who knows, maybe it will all prove a blessing in disguise. I was 29 up until just a few days ago. Most quarterbacks my age have knee problems, shoulder problems, sore arms and everything else. One of the ironies of being a pro quarterback is that it takes a lot of years to get exposure and experience and about when a man does get it his body starts to deteriorate on him. I've obviously been able to avoid injuries, which could give me a lot of years to play in my 30s....

"Yes, it could very well all be a blessing in disguise. The thing is, if a man quits, then it's for certain it will never happen for him. I feel I'll be playing a lot of football in the next six years."

Meanwhile, John Huarte waits by the telephone. ■

Huarte's arm, tired from throwing 205 passes his senior year at Notre Dame, has been resting eight years in the pros.



TRY KOOL MILDs.

And taste the difference
extra coolness makes in a
lowered tar cigarette.



14 mg. tar,
1.0 mg. nicotine

Kool Milds is no ordinary lowered tar cigarette. We lowered the tar but didn't touch Kool's unique taste of extra coolness. The same taste that made Kool America's #1 selling menthol cigarette.

Discover a cooler kind of mild.

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined
That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

THE FLYERS SPOIL PHILADELPHIA'S IMAGE

BY JEFF GREENFIELD

We blew it, chief. Forget it. Here I am, wandering around Philadelphia, gathering stuff for the semi-annual hatchet job on this town's sporting life, and for a while I was coming on like Secretariat at the far turn. I mean, we've got the Phillies, the Eagles, the 76ers (named, I think, after the number of games they lost last year), and I even found a bunch of records you don't have in those Gemstone files back in the office:

Biggest cost overrun, football stadium: Veterans Stadium, planned for \$25 million, built for \$42 million, with a stadium coordinator convicted of asking for a bribe.

Most cash paid per score: Derek Sanderson, who played eight games for the Philadelphia Blazers, scored three goals and shuffled back to Boston with a cool million, which comes out to \$333,333.33 per net-tickler. (The Blazers have since moved to Vancouver, where the bankruptcy laws aren't so tough.)

Fastest conversion of arena from

While his ruffian teammates knock opponents into the boards, Bobby Clarke knocks the puck into the net.

closed to open air: Spectrum, March, 1968. The roof had this unfortunate trick of collapsing in the middle of a game—but then, most Philly teams do the same thing.

Plus, I got some juicy data on the Eagles' latest flight into the side of a mountain: Their owner, Leonard Tose, decided to fight the television blackout by putting up 500 "lousy seats," hoping they wouldn't be sold, whereupon the ex-husband of Mr. Tose's present girl friend announced he'd buy them all up, just so the fans could watch this team on home TV and run them out of town.

And then, just as I am putting the capper on this traditional ha-ha-Philly-teams-put-their-pants-on-three-left-feet-at-a-time piece, I find myself at the Spectrum with a huge line outside.

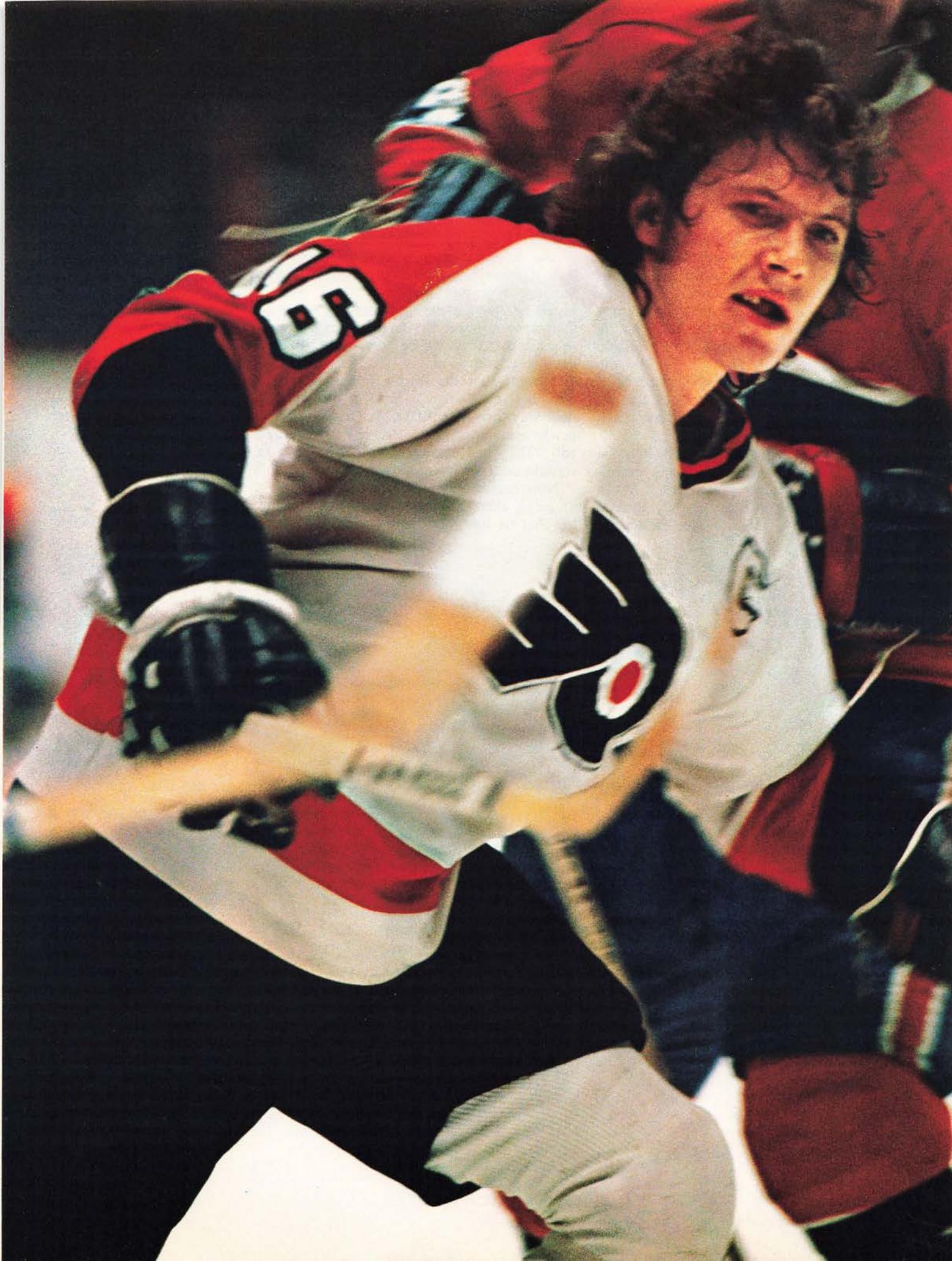
I approached the throng of youths and asked them what they were doing. The Grateful Dead, maybe?

"You kiddin'? The *Flyers*, buddy. Four of us are buying \$300 in tickets. I worked half the summer for the money."

Now all I'd known at this point in time about the Philadelphia Fly-

ers was what I had read in legal journals; I mean, this hockey club has made more court appearances than Owen Marshall. But just for the record, I checked it out, and, chief, we're in a lot of trouble. I mean, I can make fun of the Atoms, because nobody cares about soccer champions except 300 Rumanian émigrés and people who like to watch guys in bare legs kick a leather ball around. But when you are talking about the National Hockey League, you are talking major sports. And I am very much afraid the Flyers are an honest-to-Richard good team. Not great—not yet. But close.

Look at the record. Last season they finished second in the NHL Western Division, eight points behind the Black Hawks. They scored more goals than anybody in their division; they became the first team ever to have two 100-point centers (Bobby Clarke and Rick MacLeish); they produced 74 power-play goals or a score 29 percent of the time they were one or two up (the most power-play goals and the best percentage of any team); they had the rookie with the highest point



IMAGE

CONTINUED

total in the NHL (Bill Barber, who came in second to the Rangers' Steve Vickers in Rookie-of-the-Year voting); their 21-year-old rookie defensemen Tom Bladon broke Orr's first-year scoring mark; and they are the first expansion team in the league ever to have a Most Valuable Player, in Bobby Clarke. In the Stanley Cup, they knocked off Minnesota in six games and lost to Montreal in five, very, very tough games.

That is not bad. Indeed, it is the most impressive record any expansion team ever put together. When you consider that they are located in Philly, this is like coming in

second at Indy in a '65 Toronado. And you have to remember, too, that the Flyers are *young*. Only two of their top scorers were as old as 30 last year; Clarke was named captain at 23 (no NHL captain was ever that young); their key scorers, defensemen, even the "enforcer" are around 25 or under. Compare that to the Rangers; their goalies, half their defense, and their key scoring line are well into their 30s. The Flyers are guys at the beginning of their careers—and the team seems to sense that they will be very, very good very, very soon.

"I remember the Boston Bruins, watching them when they were on their way to winning the Cup," says newly re-acquired goalie Bernie Parent. "They had a kind of spirit or confidence. I see it here now."

Now maybe Parent is just happy at being able to unpack, considering that he has gone from the Fly-

ers to Toronto to the Miami Screaming Eagles who became the Philadelphia Blazers back to Toronto and now back to Philadelphia. But watching the team at their training camp at the Penn Ice Rink in Philly this fall, you got the sense they all think that way.

"Last year, we weren't sure we belonged on the ice with the Canadians," Bobby Clarke says. "This year, we're all thinking we can beat them." The fans think so, too. The Flyers drew 96 percent of capacity in the 1972-73 season, and their advance sale this year was over 11,000 even before training camp began.

Now I don't think, chief, that you should run out and plan a cover with a Stanley Cup topped by a picture of Mayor Frank Rizzo or anything like that. But there is no

The Flyers gave up the most goals of any playoff-qualifier in 1972 and also led the entire NHL in penalty minutes.



Relive football history with Personna Double II.



Your choice of two
NFL record albums
for \$1.00 when you
buy the Personna Double II.



Personna Double II.
In all 26 NFL
locker rooms.

The Personna Double II, the first razor with twin blades on two sides, designed for close, comfortable shaves and more of them than any other twin blade razor, offers you historical highlights of the past 50 years of NFL Football or the first seven Super Bowls. You'll hear the great games and the players that made them great. Like the Chicago Bears' 73 to 0 victory over the Washington Redskins in the 1940 Championship game. Jim O'Brien's last-second field goal in Super Bowl V, and many, many more. A \$3.95 value, each 7" album is specially "microgrooved" to give you over 30 minutes of listening enjoyment. Try the Personna Double II. The first razor to put 2 and 2 together.



*Portions of this record have been re-created

Personna Double II
P.O. Box 500
Revere, Mass. 02151

Please send me: NFL Memories*
 Seven Super Sundays

I have enclosed \$1 for each album (\$2 for two), check or money order only, and the name "Personna" from the Double II package.

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____ STATE _____ ZIP _____

Allow 4 to 6 weeks for delivery. Offer expires July 1, 1974.

IMAGE

CONTINUED

question that the Flyers have scoring punch. Bobby Clarke centers a line with Bill Flett, who scored 43 goals (an all-time record for an NHL right winger with a full beard), and rookie Bill Barber, who had 30 goals and 64 points. Their second line is centered by Rick MacLeish—a cast-off from Boston who scored 50 goals and 100 points his second season in the league—and his linemates, Ross Lonsberry and Garry Dornhoefer, accounted for 51 more goals.

There are problems, however. First, the Flyers built up many of their points the way a half-decent club-fighter or an overambitious D.A. builds a record—finding the right opponent. Against the four NHL doormats—the Islanders, the Vancouver Canucks, the California

Brass Seals and Toronto—Philly chalked up a 13-4-3 mark for 29 points. Check them out against the big four of Canadiens, Black Hawks, Rangers and Bruins, and they were 4-12-4 for 12 points.

Second, the Flyers are weak on the road. You know the old hockey line of "win at home, tie on the road." This is very helpful, since it advises a team never to lose. But it's still important to do well away from home, and last year Philly went 10-22-7 on the road, which suggests that not everybody is all that happy to get out of that town.

Third, the defense is not nearly as effective as the offense. Tom Bladon looks very strong and new defenseman Larry Goodenough may be what his name suggests, but there is not yet any Flyer who can do for them what Bobby Orr or Brad Park or Bill White or Jacques Laperriere or Guy Lapointe can do for their teams. In giving up 256 goals last season, Philadelphia was more porous than any other team which made the Cup playoffs.

"We have to get a mobile defense," comments affable head coach Fred Shero, "and we have to put a top third line out there. Montreal has a third and fourth line that outplayed any third line we could put out on the ice last year. We've got to be better."

It may not be totally fair to blame the defense, since 69 goals against the Flyers came when the team was shorthanded; that's the most shorthanded goals against any NHL team, but it's not that bad a record when you consider that the Flyers played shorthanded hockey 360 times in the '72-73 season—over 30 percent more than the next most penalized team. In fact, Philly set a record last year of 1756 penalty minutes—almost 600 minutes more than the second-ranked Bruins. That is almost 30 games worth of penalties.

Why? Well, some of the Flyers apparently grew up watching the Friday night fights. You remember a couple of years ago when the Flyers and the St. Louis Blues took

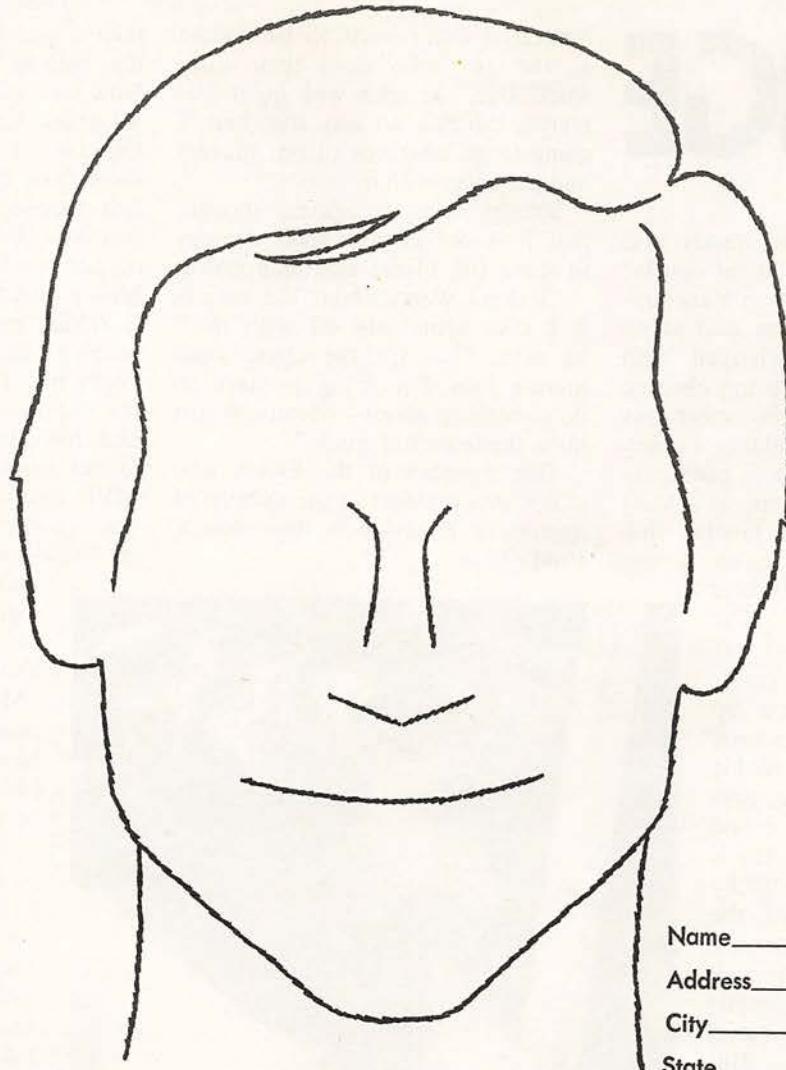
LARK

Put some more flavor in your life

Smoke from the finest tobaccos filtered through a bed of real charcoal to enrich the flavor and soften the taste.

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

King: 17 mg. "tar," 1.2 mg. nicotine. Extra Long: 18 mg. "tar," 1.3 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report (Feb. '73).



Name _____
(Please Print)
Address _____
City _____
State _____ Zip _____

**Put an X where you got a nick or cut
the last time you tried to shave really close.
Then send it to Wilkinson and we'll
send you some help.**



© 1973, Wilkinson Sword Inc.
Trademarks are the property of
Wilkinson Sword, Ltd., London, England.

Wilkinson believes a close shave doesn't have to hurt. That's why we invented the BONDED blade to replace the old double-edge razor.

Unlike any blade before it, the Wilkinson® BONDED™ has an edge of incredible keenness locked in a protective shaving head. The BONDED blade shaves you close, the head helps protect you from nicks and cuts.

In consumer tests, among hundreds of men, the Wilkinson BONDED was proven superior to double-edge razors. Now you can prove it to yourself with a free Wilkinson BONDED trial razor and BONDED blade, and a 50¢ coupon good toward the purchase of a permanent BONDED razor. Just send us the above picture with an X where you last got a nick or cut and 25¢ to cover postage and handling, and we'll send you just what you need for close shaves with better protection from nicks and cuts. Send to: Wilkinson Offer, P.O. Box 152, Brooklyn, N.Y. 11202. Offer expires Dec. 31, 1974.

A close shave doesn't have to hurt.

IMAGE

CONTINUED

their dispute into the stands and ultimately into the criminal courts? Well, last December 29 in Vancouver, things got to violent that seven Philadelphians were charged with breaking the law by "using obscene language and by fighting spectators with fists and by wielding hockey sticks against and in close proximity to spectators in the general seating area for spectators." Goalie Bob Taylor was actually given a suspended sentence of 30 days in jail and a \$500 fine. The sentence of 30 days was dropped in an appeals court.

Four Flyers racked up more than 200 minutes each in penalties, and rookie Dave Schultz, who it says is a left winger but is called the Designated Hitter (he is called many other things by opposing players) led the league with 259 minutes. This is impressive, although not up to his minor-league mark with the Richmond Robins of 392 minutes. But Schultz is young and has a long and happy life ahead of him, assuming he lives much longer. He is a pleasant-looking young man with a mild expression and a nonviolent mustache, and he speaks with a sense of regret about his image.

"I'm not that kind of guy off the ice," he says, which is fortunate since I am standing in close proximity to the player, as the lawmen say in Vancouver. "It bothers me that the fans don't like it unless I'm fighting. It was that way in Richmond, too. I can skate and shoot, too."

He does not see himself totally as the "enforcer," the winner of other men's battles.

"Lonsberry and MacLeish—they're pretty good fighters. And Bobby [Clarke] can take care of

himself. I don't want to be known as the guy who does their dirty work. But," he adds with quiet emphasis, "there's no way somebody's going to go after one of our players and get away with it."

Schultz does recognize, though, that it is not always good strategy to leave the Flyers one man down.

"I don't worry about the majors if I take somebody off with me," he says, "but it's the cheap two-minute jobs I'm going to have to do something about—because it just hurts the team too much."

One member of the Flyers who is not overwrought at the spectre of aggressive behavior is their coach, Fred Shero.



No team wanted to take a chance on diabetic Clarke, but he has left a sweet taste in Flyer fans' mouths.

"We want to put hitting back into hockey," he says frankly. "Body-checking has become lacking in the game. There's just not as much hitting as there should be. In my day (late 1940s with the Rangers) a 'hit' was counted when you knocked somebody down. Now it's any body contact. I think one of the problems is the kids don't play football anymore. The coaches don't let them. We used to play football, and we got used to hitting."

Is it money that makes the players reluctant to throw their weight around?

"No," Shero says. "It's—look,

take a guy like Flett. He's one of the biggest players on our team. Now last year he scored more than 40 goals. A guy like that might start thinking, 'I don't have to hit anymore. You don't see Frank Mahovlich running around hitting guys.' But now, Bobby Clarke, who's one of our smallest players, does more hitting than the whole team."

Which brings me to my biggest problem in our put-the-knock-on-Philly bit. This kid Clarke. I mean, it's not just that he's 24 years old and has already copped the Masterton trophy in 1971-72 and the MVP award last year. Nor that he was second in scoring last year only to Esposito with 104 points. Nor that he's a pleasant fellow with shaggy blond hair, standing about five-foot-ten and weighing 185 pounds. (Most of his front teeth are missing, but what the heck.) Nor that he hasn't let an \$85,000-to-\$100,000-a-year contract go to his head.

But how are you going to write a putdown about a guy who at age 20 is playing for the Flin Flon Bombers (scoring 52 goals and 87 assists his last year) but seems unwanted by any team because he is a diabetic, and then is drafted second by the Flyers, and immediately demonstrates

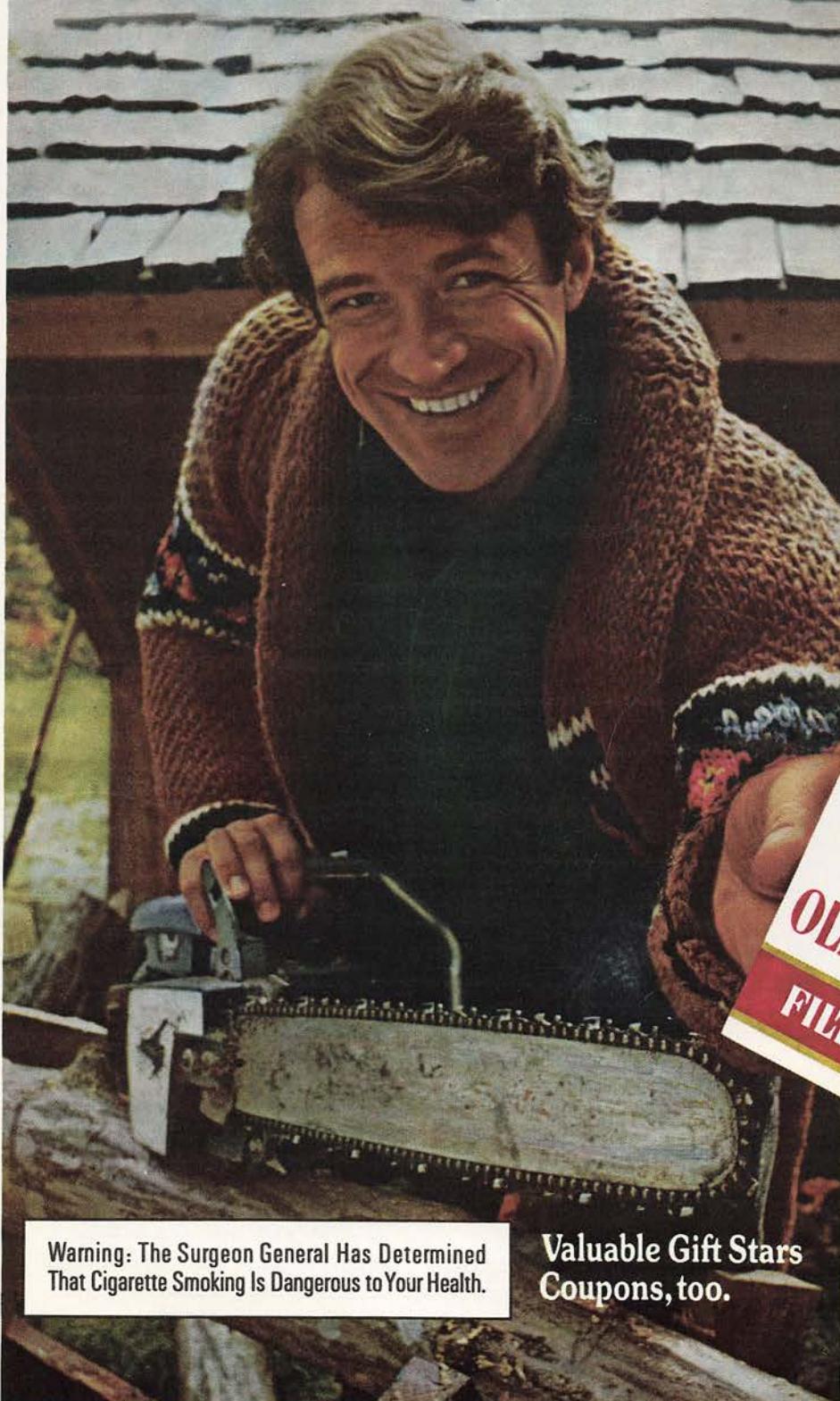
that he is a first-rate All-Star player?

And I certainly can't get nasty about his play in the Team Canada-U.S.S.R. series since he centered the highest-scoring line in the series, with Paul Henderson and Ron Ellis, and caused the Soviet coach to say, "He's completely unselfish, he makes every move count for the team. I think he is the best player on Team Canada."

In some ways, Clarke's story is a familiar one: Born in Flin Flon up in the province of Manitoba ("a cold, snowy mountain town, all rock and bush," he says), played hockey "as far back as I can remember," quit school for hockey at the age of 16.

"My father wanted me to stay in

Have one of mine.



Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

Valuable Gift Stars
Coupons, too.

Get hold of
honest taste.
Have an
Old Gold.

20 mg. "tar," 1.3 mg. nicotine
av. per cigarette, FTC Report Feb. '73.

Magnavox 4-channel sound. It fills your room without emptying your wallet.



It doesn't take a lot to fill a room. Just a Magnavox 4-channel system. For just a little.

Whichever way you want your 4-channel sound—matrix records, FM broadcasts, enhanced stereo from your present records—we've got you surrounded. With music of startlingly realistic depth and separation. From components that are prematched

by audio experts, not by chance:

A 3-speed automatic turntable with magnetic cartridge, diamond stylus and acrylic dustcover;

Four 2-way air-suspension speakers sealed in walnut-finished enclosures;

And an AM/FM stereo receiver that's sensitive enough to make your hi-fi-nut nephew envious,

powerful enough to make your next-door neighbor furious.

The complete system is loaded with everything else you'd expect. But at a price you'd never expect.

Ask your Magnavox dealer about Model 1817, the compact 1816, and other Magnavox 4-channel sound systems. You'll be surprised how little big sound costs.

For more details, write to: The Magnavox Company, Stereo Components Department, 1700 Magnavox Way, Ft. Wayne, Ind. 46804.



Magnavox. You heard right.

IMAGE

CONTINUED

school—it's an awful risk you're taking when you quit school," Clarke reflects.

Then came the sudden jump in 1969 from the Bombers to the Philadelphia Flyers of the National Hockey League.

"I'd only seen two NHL games in my life before I came up," he says. "At first, it was like a circus, being in the Garden or the Forum."

After a fine rookie season with 15 goals and 31 assists, he scored progressively better each year. Last season Clarke was picked as second team All-Star center, trailing only Phil Esposito.

It's hard to get Clarke to speak about himself, but he will talk about the worst moment of his career: At the end of the 1971-72 season, the Flyers played Buffalo needing a tie for fourth place or a win for third place. Instead, with four seconds to go, Buffalo scored the winning goal, knocking Philadelphia out of the playoffs.

"It's such a frustrating feeling because there's nothing you can do about it," Clarke says. "It's like you want to run the film backward."

He likes his team, and he likes their aggressiveness, despite the penalties, because "the other team's just not going to run into me or other players. You win a lot more games than you lose that way."

I know this isn't great copy, chief, but if you could watch Clarke combine shooting, skating, finesse and tough hitting, you'd understand why we are in such trouble. I mean, this whole damn team could spoil our best shot at easy stories since the "could-Mantle-carry-Mays'-glove?" stuff.

Oh, well, maybe the roof will fall in again at the Spectrum. If not, we've got to find another city to pick on. Would you trust me in San Diego? ■

More people use Desenex® to help stop Athlete's Foot than any other remedy.

DESENEX® is America's number one Athlete's Foot preparation.

That's because anti-fungal Desenex contains a medically-proven formula that has successfully helped millions of sufferers. And the number gets bigger every year.

To help heal Athlete's Foot, use Desenex Ointment at night and Desenex Powder, or Aerosol, during the day. When Desenex is used routinely, continued protection against fungous infection is assured.

To fight Athlete's Foot, or prevent its recurrence, use the preparation with the best track record of them all—Desenex.



Also available in Solution form.

PENNWALT
© PHARMACRAFT
© 1973 Pharmacraft Division Pennwalt Corporation

Joe Namath Scores in Pumas.

On or off the field Joe Namath appreciates the comfort and support of Puma's full line of leisure and football shoes. Like the comfortable Joe Namath shoe shown here. All available at your sporting goods store or shoe store or write Sports Beconta, Inc., 50 Executive Blvd., Elmsford, N.Y. 10523. Or 340 Oyster Pt. Blvd., So. San Francisco, Calif. 94080.



PUMA from Beconta.





PISTOL PETE IS THE PLAYER OF THE FUTURE, ADMITS PISTOL PETE

BY GEORGE VECSEY

He flies through the air with the greatest of ease. His gaze is directed somewhere toward the second balcony. He holds the basketball in front of him, like a peace offering to the giant center blocking his path.

Suddenly the wrist flicks, the ball squirts sideways, into the hands of a teammate wisely cruising toward the basket. The teammate dunks the ball, the crowd roars, Pete Maravich is almost satisfied.

Almost. What he really would like to do in that situation—he once confided to Julius Erving when they were teammates for a week—is spin the ball on his finger while in mid-air, then bounce the ball off his forehead into the basket. He is waiting for the right moment.

"I am," Pete Maravich says, "a fundamentalist."

That's funny. Pete Maravich doesn't look like a fundamentalist. People have called him a "showboat" and a "hot dog" and even less complimentary terms ever since he started gunning 40-foot jumpers at Louisiana State University. The insults were muted only last year, when he finished sixth in the National Basketball Association in assists and fifth in scoring. Instead of "hot dog," they called him an "All-Star."

And Pete Maravich insists he is a fundamentalist, too. The only thing about it, his fundamentals are a little different from the rest of the world's.

One of Pete's fundamentals is: Don't look where you're going. You already know where you're going, so why tip it off?

Another fundamental: Make the defense think you're crazy. Do bizarre things. Drive on Wilt Chamberlain.

A third fundamental: Basketball is entertainment. It competes against X-rated movies, steak restaurants and other sports for the people's dollar.

These are not exactly the fundamentals that are being taught in high schools and colleges around

the country. They are not the first three things that Cotton Fitzsimmons teaches the Atlanta Hawks, either. Maybe the only place they are taught—not tolerated, man, but taught—is at Pete's basketball camp in western Pennsylvania, where they teach the new boys to dribble behind their backs, just for poise, and go on to the difficult tricks.

But that's all right. They're fundamentals—Pete Maravich's fundamentals—and he is betting that one day they will be everybody's fundamentals.

"Some day they'll outlaw the chest pass," he says, meaning that nobody will be allowed to stand in one place and push a pass with two hands. In his opinion, basketball is about to make a great leap forward, the way it did when Joe Fulks left his feet to shoot a jump shot, or when Bill Russell took possession of the defensive basket.

"You're going to see forwards and centers throwing the ball behind their backs, just like I do," Pete says. "The time will come before we know it."

Pete Maravich's time has already come. It arrived last year, after three years as a spectacular college player and two years as a streaky professional who humbled his fellow pros one night and was pounded into mediocrity the next night.

Last season they stopped pounding him, just for spite, and most of his opponents stopped sneering at his wild drives, his unorthodox passes. Instead, they voted him to start in the All-Star Game.

But here's the question: Did Pete Maravich change or did the rest of basketball adjust and accept? There is some evidence that he grew up a little; there is more evidence that he was finally playing with teammates who could cope with his ability.

"I'm doing the same things I did when I was three years old," he says. "This is my type of game. It will eventually revolutionize basketball. I'm already getting letters from coaches and parents, com-

PISTOL PETE

CONTINUED

plaining about the tricky stuff. It's gonna be tough at first."

But it was tough for Picasso when he started painting human bodies in a different way, spread all over the canvas—arm down there, nose over there, feet up there, colors and lines all blending in ways nobody had ever seen before.

Or when James Joyce started dropping words onto the page, words that didn't seem to go together until you stopped looking for sentences and paragraphs and you got into the feeling of the words—the way they sounded, the way they worked.

Picasso and Joyce improvised. They made up their own fundamentals. I forgot to ask Pete Maravich if he ever heard of Picasso or Joyce. It's not important. What matters is that he thinks he is doing something different in his own art form, which is basketball. When was the last time you heard an athlete willing to claim he was discovering a new dimension?

These impressions of this young man were gained in an interview last summer at the Hawks' training camp in that charming old city, Savannah, Georgia. I had seen Pete play on television a few years before. He struck me as a spoiled child—indulged by his daddy, Press Maravich, his coach at LSU—roaming all over the court, doing selfish things, on a massive ego trip. Wait until the pros handle him, I remember thinking. But I didn't see him last year, when he and the Hawks came together. And

I had never met him before. In that first interview, Pete Maravich broke out of his basic shyness and showed a singular feeling for what he does when he's performing on the basketball court.

We discussed Bob Cousy, the greatest little man in basketball history, who could pass behind his back, who could spin the ball around his body in mid-air. But Cousy used his grace and his magician hands as an alternative to traditional backcourt play—bring the ball up, shoot it or set up a play. Once in a while, do something flashy, to throw everybody off stride.

"For me, it's different," Pete said, his eyes ablaze. "Bob Cousy

did it sometimes, but I do it all the time."

Pete assumes that Lou Hudson and the other talented Hawks now anticipate his moves and his passes. He also assumes that the opposition will never be ready enough. They could not run his performance through a computer and predict what he will do.

"It's like when I'm driving for the basket," he says. "Let's say I get around my man on the baseline. I can do that. Now there's a center waiting for me. Even Wilt. Fine. That doesn't bother me. I'll drive on Wilt. I look right at the man. I don't look where I'm going to pass. I hold the ball out to him—then I flick the ball off in any



Like Picasso and Joyce, who were also ahead of their time, Maravich has moves that make the normal mind boggle.

direction. Anywhere. I can do it. I've practiced this all my life. I have perfect control.

"See, I want that center to be thinking, 'Hey, man, this guy is crazy, he'll do anything.' Because once he starts thinking that, I've got him. I don't need to look at the ball. If you practice, you don't need to look at it. People have never looked into this. They just say, 'He's a hot dog.' Well, that's life. Fifty percent are for you. Fifty percent are against you. I don't mind that. But what bothers me is to think I didn't win somebody over because he didn't have the slightest idea what I was doing—or how much time I put in. I'm more specialized than a doctor or a lawyer. I've been doing this since I was three. People don't know that. That's what hurts me."

It may have hurt Pete to suspect that other players did not accept him at first. When he came into the NBA—after his three years of "show time" at LSU—he was represented for his huge contract, for being the great white hope of Southern professional basketball.

The Chicago Bulls used to stomp the ground, just waiting to get at Pete. Dick Motta, their coach, once ran five straight picks on Pete, sending him crashing into arms and legs and hips that bruised like Indian clubs.

Jerry Sloan, the tough kid from the oil fields of southern Illinois, used to jostle Pete on defense whenever he could get away with it. It was pure professional hatred—the poor boy against the nouveau riche, the traditional against the innovative. And Pete sometimes didn't help when he demonstrated his sheer joy at working some super between-the-legs dribble or off-the-ear lay-up.

"They should know I wasn't doing this to embarrass and hot-dog," Pete says carefully. "It's my art. It's my deception. But you're talking about envy and jealousy. . . . It doesn't bother me. I'm just trying to do a job."

Pete sees his job as entertainment. Somewhere he got the quaint

notion that fans pay real money by choice, that they are not required by laws or religious custom to keep coming back.

"That fan is paying \$5-\$7-\$10-\$12 a ticket, he's entitled to something for his money," Pete says. "He could go out and buy a dinner and a movie for the price he pays for a ticket. He should get total satisfaction from watching a game."

That attitude could have been the mark of a thrilling loser, after three mediocre records at LSU and two losing seasons with the Hawks, where it looked like neither he nor the team would ever settle down.

The Hawks were not an ideal canvas on which an artist could prove a point. Ever since Bob Pettit retired, they had been a team in search of a style. They changed coaches; they changed players; they even changed cities (from St. Louis to Atlanta). And they never got settled.

You could possibly win a championship with the players who had flown the coop—Lenny Wilkens, Zelmo Beaty, Joe Caldwell, Bill Bridges, Paul Silas and Walt Hazard. Only Lou Hudson, the gracious, intelligent point machine, gave the team any carryover from the St. Louis days.

After Pete's erratic first two seasons, it did not seem likely that even he and Hudson could lead the Hawks to a championship or fill the new Omni that had been created in downtown Atlanta. So the president of the club, Tom Cousins, and the general manager, Richie Guerin, decided to raid the rival American Basketball Association last year. Although they had no right to him whatsoever, they decided to sign Julius Erving, otherwise known as Doctor J.

It was a tactic that is not uncommon in the bazaar of pro basketball. Sam Shulman has been forming a French Foreign Legion in Seattle by raiding unhappy ABA players. But Shulman is a Los Angeles type who has the ego to carry off these raids. The octet (octopus?) of owners in Atlanta were wealthy young men who were ac-

quiring Southern gentility the way some people acquire fine wines or classical records. To keep Doctor J. would have required a nasty gutter fight, involving lawyers, league officials, persistent reporters, phone calls late at night. That isn't the genteel way of doing things. In the South, things are done politely, at the club, over bourbon. You're a nice fella, I'm a nice fella, let's make a deal.

"They just didn't have the heart for the fight," said one official close to the scene. After two spectacular exhibitions, Doctor J. went back to the Virginia Squires. To this day, Erving recalls the generosity of Pete Maravich on the fast break, how the ball always seemed to be in the right place at the right time. Nobody will ever know what Hudson, Erving and Maravich could have done together.

Back to the drawing board in Georgia. The Hawks had a new coach, Cotton Fitzsimmons, a dynamic little man who has never had a losing season anywhere, including two seasons with the Phoenix Suns, where he had observed Pete carefully.

"When I coached against Pete Maravich, he didn't hurt us every night," Cotton said. "He was inconsistent. I didn't know what to expect."

Cotton had heard that Pete was a hot dog, out for himself. But he had heard the same thing about Connie Hawkins before he got to Phoenix and yet the Suns had two straight winning years, which meant to Cotton that the rumors must have been wrong—right?

Cotton is too much of a strategist not to install new patterns, new drills, new procedures when he arrived with the Hawks. But he must have made a point of not seeming to make Pete Maravich over in his image. He knew that Pete had only one coach in his life—his father, Press, who had raised the boy in coaching tours all over Dixie.

"Press Maravich put in all that time, taught Pete the game," Cotton says in his own Dixie voice. "I wasn't going to change him. I hope

PISTOL PETE

CONTINUED

some day Pete will think I'm a good coach. But he'll always think Press is the greatest."

Cotton didn't tinker that much, at least publicly, with Pete. And he found he didn't have to tinker with "Super Lou" Hudson. He matched them with Jimmy Washington, an unselfish defensive and rebounding forward, back for his second trip with the Hawks. And at center he had big Walter Bellamy, who had been tagged as nonchalant and inconsistent in Baltimore, New York and Detroit. Cotton may have sensed the sensitive man behind the inscrutable facade. He told him, "Do your thing, Bells."

The fifth starting job went first to a big forward named George Trapp. It didn't work out. The Hawks were 10-13 going into Los Angeles last season, and Cotton moved Hudson to forward and put Herm Gilliam, an aggressive little guard, into the lineup. And he told the Hawks to fly. It made all the difference.

"I've got to run," Pete says. "If I don't run, I'm pitiful."

The shift in the lineup seemed to loosen the Hawks. Pete had been somewhat of a loner in his first two years, going his own way, taking cabs by himself. But Gilliam and Washington found ways to draw Pete into the circle, by music or teasing or just plain invitation.

But while the team was evolving, Pete found himself faced with a potential tragedy. It started one afternoon in a hotel room when he was washing up before dinner. He looked in the mirror and saw that one eye was halfway closed. Then he saw his cheek and mouth mus-

cles begin to sag, and he could not control any of it. The face that was featured on the hair-dressing commercials, the face that was going to sell pro basketball in the Southeast, was disintegrating in the mirror, like something out of *The Picture of Dorian Gray*.

The specialists said Pete had Bell's Palsy, a disturbance of the nerve that controls facial muscles on one side of the face. The doctors said they didn't know what caused it. They said it would go away in a couple of weeks—or a couple of years.

"I figured it would be two or three years," Pete admits. "I went up to my room and cried."

His teammates called him "Half Face." They made him laugh when he wanted to cry. They let him know he was not alone. And while they jived him about his mumbling speech, the feeling began to come

Someday Pete's going to go up, spin the ball on his finger, then bounce the ball off his forehead and into the basket.



back. The doctors told him to keep massaging the facial muscles and to avoid drafts. So he would sit for hours, hunched into corners, rubbing his face.

"It was a horrible feeling," Pete says. "It really freaked me out."

In less than three weeks, Pete was back to normal again. The doctors told him the palsy might never return, although he was somewhat more likely to get it than somebody who had never had it. That was good enough. Pete Maravich survived to play again.

From the time of the lineup switch, the Hawks won 36 games and lost only 23, for a season record of 46-36, a reversal of their record in the two previous seasons under Richie Guerin.

Pete finished with 2063 points and 546 assists. He and Gilliam were the only teammates to finish in the top ten in assists last year. And he and Lou Hudson—with 2029 points—were only the second teammates in league history to score 2000 or more points each in one season (Jerry West and Elgin Baylor had done it in 1964-65). And when the season was over, Pete was named to the ten-man NBA All-Star team. He had, as the saying goes, arrived. And along with the arrival as a special professional, he seemed to be growing as an individual.

"Pete is shy, a loner," says the Rev. Wayne Smith, a Presbyterian missionary who does community work in Atlanta and has become a chaplain to the Hawks, conducting services on Sunday and offering his counsel.

"Pete is starting to ask himself the question, 'Who am I?' I think he's starting to get an idea. He's had all the fame and adulation. He hates publicity now. He doesn't like interviews. He stays in the showers for 45 minutes. He goes out the back door if he can. But I see positive signs. He studied karate last summer; he said it gave him more poise. I can see a difference in him."

The Hawks have a different look this summer, too. Guerin has been

fired as general manager and Pat Williams, the energetic young promoter, has been brought in from the Chicago Bulls to try to sell tickets at the Omni. A showman-general manager like Pat Williams is not a bad deal for Pete.

Pete seems comfortable with his teammates, joking and whispering with them. But he seemed hesitant to be interviewed for this article, putting me off for a day until he felt ready. But then he opened up and talked quite freely about his basketball, not so freely about his personal life.

"I guard my privacy like an African chieftain guards his village," he said. "I'm kind of a recluse. I don't like people making a fuss over me. It's hard for me to go out in Atlanta. When I'm going out to dinner, I'll go eat at five or six o'clock, before it gets crowded."

He's still a bachelor, but he told no tales about girl friends, or hobbies, or personal interests.

"I've got to keep some part of my life for myself," he said. "My

weight drops from 207 to 185 during the season. There's all those injuries, needles, rehabilitation. I need those three to four months to get my head together. I don't want to talk about my off-season. That's mine."

He gave the impression that anybody who wanted to know Pete Maravich could judge his performance on the basketball court. With his flying-trapeze style, he is putting his entire soul on the line. And that should be enough.

"I'm not pleased with anything I've done so far," he said. "There's so much more to do. I've won scoring titles and I've got lots of money but that doesn't mean anything."

"All I want to do is win the title and I'll quit. A title would be the highest level you can attain. They'll say, 'He was a hot dog—but he was a champion.' I could care less about the money. I could be a beach bum. I could survive."

But he is wrong. Pete Maravich could not survive, not the 25-year-old man who puts himself in the

spotlight every game.

"The best time is late in the game," he was saying. "You're up by six or eight points. Then all of a sudden, the Hawks do a few things. I dish out three or four assists. I make some move they've never seen before. We run them off the court. Up in the stands, people are dropping popcorn on their heads. They can't believe it. Then the game is over and we've won. The fans don't want to leave. That's what really turns me on." ■

RONSON

Multi-Fill
fuels most
butane
lighters



From
49¢

The clean
quality butane
that won't clog.

Tips® takes
your bad
breath
away

BREATH FRESHENER - DROPS OR SPRAY

*This little Pocket can stop
a backhand, a sidestroke, leaps,
bounds, even a gallop.*



The Kodak pocket Instamatic 40 camera has a lot of stopping power. In bright sunlight, its electronic shutter takes big, sharp pictures or brilliant little slides (about one-inch square) at a fast 1/225 of a second.

The Pocket 40 sports an f/8, 3-element lens that focuses as close as three feet. It even has automatic CdS electric-eye exposure control.

The Pocket 40 will cost you less than \$68. And there are five other Pockets to pick from, starting at less than \$23.
Prices subject to change without notice.

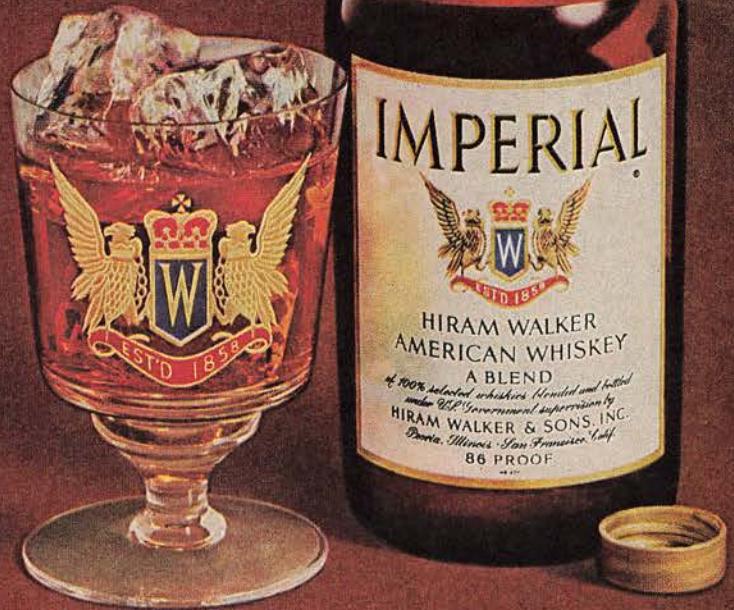
Kodak pocket Instamatic® cameras.

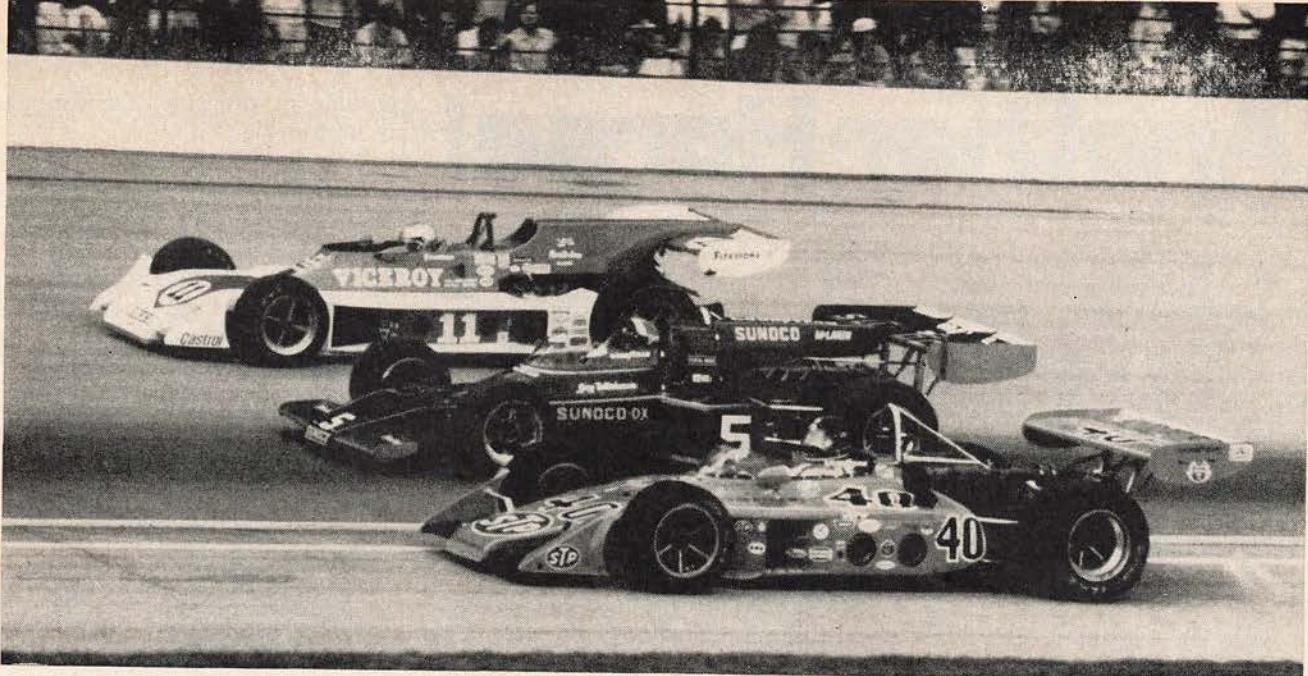




Follow the eagles: golden sign of Imperial goodness

The crest of the golden eagles
marks an unusual whiskey.
Of the hundreds of whiskeys
in the world, none is better made
than this. Imperial:
light and good-natured—
it mixes well. Follow the golden
eagles to Imperial pleasure.





THE BETTENHAUSENS: Give Me Another Horse! Bind Up My Wounds!

BY JOE FALLS

Bettenhausen sat in a sprint car, in a small race in Toledo, moving through the stretch, dueling with a driver named Rollie Beale. Suddenly, Bettenhausen's wheels rubbed against Beale's, and Bettenhausen's car hurtled into the air.

A few hours later, Bettenhausen woke up. He was in a hospital, staring at the ceiling. His right arm was in a cast. Broken.

On the third lap of a 200-mile race at Michigan International Speedway, Bettenhausen's car twisted crazily out of control. It rammed into the wall, bounced off, burst into flames, then shot forward into the wall once more.

Bettenhausen fought desperately to free himself from the cockpit of the burning car. He kept slipping back. "What's going on?" he wondered. "Why can't I get out?"

He tried again, but couldn't get any leverage on the right side of the cockpit. Then he looked down at his right arm. It was gone.

Bettenhausen sat on the wall at Indianapolis, his workout finished for the day. Paul Russo, a fellow driver, walked up to him. "Hey, do me a favor," said Russo.

"What's that?"

"It's my car," Russo said. "I'm having trouble with it. I can't keep it straight. Will you give it a try and see what's wrong?"

"Sure," said Bettenhausen.

He jumped off the wall, climbed into Russo's car and pulled out of the pits. He took the car around the oval four times; everything seemed to be working fine. The fifth time around, the car started to wobble. Then it veered toward the wall near the starting line. The car rammed into the wall, climbed the wall, tore into the wire mesh, flipped upside down and spun across the track.

Bettenhausen was killed instantaneously.

Those three accidents did not happen to one person. They hap-

pened to one family. Tony Bettenhausen died at the Indianapolis Speedway May 12, 1961. Eleven years later, his son Merle lost his right arm. A month later, Merle's brother Gary broke his right arm. Tony Bettenhausen, Jr. is just starting out—in stock cars. He has already totaled several cars, but so far he has escaped serious injury.

All three of the Bettenhausen boys consider themselves very lucky. Not to be alive. To be doing the thing they love, the thing their father did: Racing cars.

"Yes, I was very bitter as I lay there in the hospital," says Gary, who is 31. "I did wonder what the hell we were all doing in auto racing. I thought maybe we were out of our minds, and I vowed, then and there, never to race again."

Gary Bettenhausen stuck to his vow for two weeks. "I can't stay away from these cars," he says. "None of us can. It's what I want to do. It's what we all want to do. And one day...."

Another Horse!

CONTINUED

The Bettenhausens have a dream. Tony had it. Now Gary, the oldest, and Merle, the friendliest, and Tony, Jr., the wildest, have the same dream. They dream of winning the Indianapolis 500.

"It's going to happen, I know it's going to happen," says Gary. "And when it does, you're going to see the damnedest party you ever saw at the Bettenhausen farm."

Tony Bettenhausen, Jr.: "I was just nine years old when dad was killed. I vaguely remember him coming into the bedroom—it was on a Tuesday night—and kissing me goodbye. He was on his way to Indianapolis and he said to me, 'I'll see you this weekend, son.' It was the last time I ever saw him,

but I'm not bitter about it. I'm glad I can remember that much. I'm glad I can remember my dad the way he was. He was a beautiful man and everyone knew it and everyone loved him."

Gary Bettenhausen: "It's funny. Millions of people admired my father because of the type of person he was and when I saw this, I wanted to be exactly like him. But he didn't push me into auto racing.

"I was taken by the cars the first time I saw them. From the time I was seven or eight years old, I wanted to be a driver.

"My father understood cars and the dangers. I remember he bought us all a new Chevy and he told us, 'The first time any one of you comes home with a ticket for

speeding or dragging, the car gets put up for sale.'

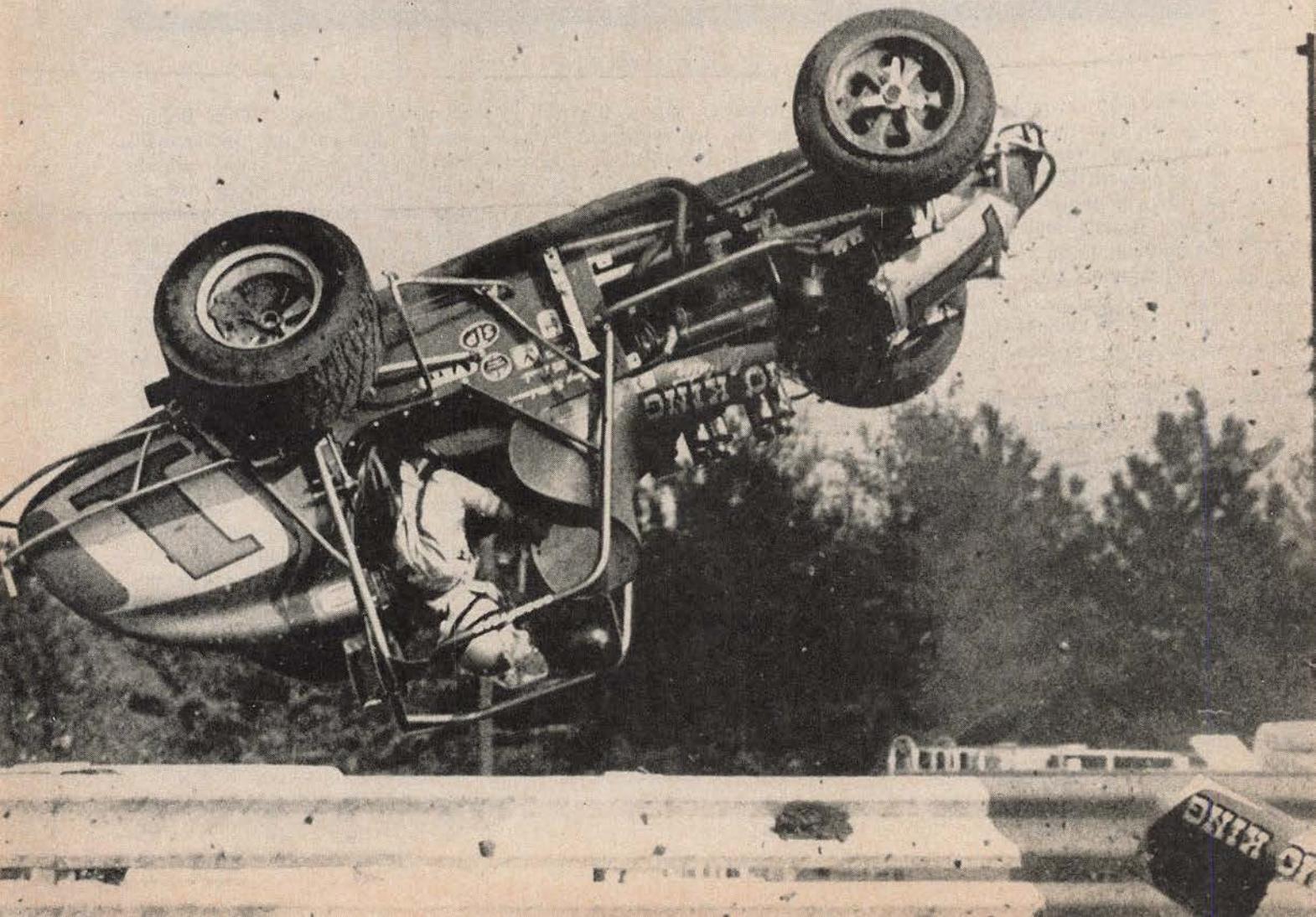
"The day my dad died, we were at home packing to go to Indianapolis. My father's chief mechanic, Jack Beckley, called my mother and gave her the news. I was bitter, but I got over it. I began to realize, even then, that this is what he wanted to do in life. He loved auto racing and everything about it, and we learned to love it from him.

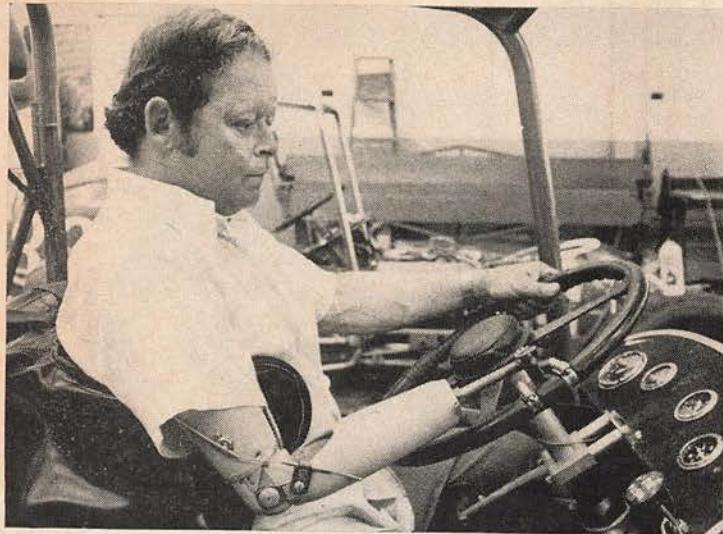
"Even that year, the year dad died, we listened to the race on the radio."

Merle Bettenhausen: "Bitter? I'm not even bitter over losing my arm. How could I be bitter? I was doing exactly what I wanted to do. Nobody made me get into that car.

"Sure, I've cried. I've cried plenty. But not from bitterness. I've cried from the pain, as simple as

Gary Bettenhausen is most likely to fulfill the family dream—a victory at Indy—especially if he stays rightside up.





Merle Bettenhausen (above) gave his right arm to the sport he loves. His father gave his life in a crash at Indy (right).

that. How could I ever be resentful about auto racing? I've gotten more satisfaction, more enjoyment, more pleasure, out of racing than most men ever get from their jobs in a whole lifetime.

"Even now, every time I just get near a race car, I get excited. I'm the same guy as ever. I'm just Merle Bettenhausen, minus a right arm."

Gary, the most experienced driver of the brothers, and the best, came close to realizing the dream of his family in the 1971 race at Indianapolis. He led at the halfway point and was still on top with less than 30 laps to go.

But his radiator had developed a small water leak and the water temperature kept rising as the race went on. "I figured it was going to blow at any minute but the engine kept running," says Gary. "I couldn't believe it. I got to thinking, 'Well, maybe it's going to hold all the way. Maybe it's going to be one of those miracles.'"

Gary had to keep pushing hard to hold his lead and with 26 laps to go, the engine finally broke. It became so hot that a piston cracked in half and the water tank opened.

"Yes, I was thinking of dad," says Gary. "It may sound corny, but I wanted to win it for him. I

knew how much Indianapolis meant to him, how long he had competed there, how much he had wanted to win.

"I'll tell you this, if I don't win at Indianapolis, Merle or Tony is going to do it. I guarantee it—one of us is going to win one of these years."

"Do you ever think of breaking up, crashing—even dying?"

"Sure I think about it. I know that everytime I get into an auto, I could lose my life. But it's the same as getting in a car and driving out on the road. That's why so many people are killed every day—they don't think about what could happen to them."

"As a race driver, I'm aware of the dangers. I take precautions. I drive maybe 50,000 miles a year in my own car and I know I've avoided two or three accidents because of my awareness. In fact, you look back over the past 20 years and I don't think there's been a race driver killed on the highway. If everyone thought the way race drivers do, to consider every car a potential killer, we'd avoid 90 percent of the accidents."

"I think every race driver is realistic about the deaths of Pollard and Savage at Indy this year. Pollard died because he made a mistake while racing. The same with Savage. You have to have enough confidence in yourself to believe you won't make those mistakes."



"I also know that there are certain things you cannot control. If it is your day, it is your day and there is nothing you can do about it."

Merle Bettenhausen began racing again this year. In August, he won a midget race at Johnson City, Tennessee, driving with one arm.

His brother Gary fixed up a metal socket on the steering wheel for Merle's artificial arm and the device paid off with a last-lap victory over Bill Englehart. Merle caught Englehart coming around the final turn and edged him by no more than six inches. More remarkably, Merle's car lost its power steering in the sixth lap of the 40-lap race; he had to guide the car manually the rest of the way, using all of the strength he could get out of his tired body.

"Frankly, I feel I can help a lot of people who are in similar situations as I am," says Merle. "I can show them that because you have a handicap, you don't have to feel like you need special care or sympathy. Just get off your butt and go out and do it."

"I don't think I'm a better person now—because I wasn't bad before. The big thing is that I still have a chance to do what I want to do most in life."

"Indianapolis? I don't know. That may be too much. But who knows, maybe some day . . ."



Kyan Cournoyer BY NICK SEITZ Can Fly



Bowman, coach of the Stanley Cup champion Montreal Canadiens, says with convincing finality. The best example of his contention is his own key player, little Yvan Cournoyer, the fastest skater in the fastest sport.

Cournoyer makes things happen for *Les Canadiens*—usually good things. He is a red-white-and-royal-blue blur, his razor-sharp skates furiously scratching across the frozen playing surface, and his speed befuddles the best of teams. The goal that won the sixth and final game of the playoffs against the Chicago Black Hawks was typical of Yvan's style. Right winger Cournoyer was heading hurriedly up the ice to play defense when he glanced back and saw teammate Jacques Lemaire steal the puck at the Black Hawk blue line. Lemaire closed in on goalie Tony Esposito, shot and then cursed in French as the puck slammed off the glass behind the goal and rebounded where he couldn't reach it. But Cournoyer had quickly turned around and caught up with the play, and he raced in to knock the loose puck past an astonished Esposito. Said an equally astonished Lemaire,

"You never know when Yvan will strike like a laser beam. I didn't even realize he was behind me."

The goal was the 15th of the playoffs for Montreal's roadrunner, a record. The National Hockey League awarded him the Conn Smythe Trophy as Most Valuable Player in the playoffs. SPORT named him the MVP of the playoff finals and gave him a sports car, an appropriate prize considering Cournoyer's fondness for fast cars; before he got the Dodge Charger from the magazine, he drove a succession of Corvettes.

Not that he needs a car to reach expressway speeds. The average hockey player can skate 30 to 35 miles an hour in a rink, and Cournoyer estimates that when he puts it to the floor, he can hit 50 miles an hour. "I went all out a few times during the playoffs, and it felt like I was flying out of my body," he

says. "I don't skate at top speed that often because I would lose the element of surprise and wear myself out. You have to anticipate the play and know when to use your extra speed." Cournoyer is Quebec French but conversant in English.

"I would like to know how fast I really am," he says. "I have never lost a race—and I've been challenged a lot—but I've never been timed. I hear a stopwatch wouldn't be fast enough. It would be fun to have a series of races for television with electric timers. I would be glad to take on all comers."

Early in his ten-year career, Cournoyer confused himself as much as his opponents with his searing speed, but he has since channeled his swiftness and become more maneuverable. Says Jean Ratelle of the New York Rangers, "He has outstanding speed from side to side so that he is always a threat to go around a defenseman." Jean Beliveau, the legendary center who played on a line with Cournoyer before taking an executive job with the Canadiens, says, "Yvan is such a clever skater he can free-lance all over the ice and still wind up where he's supposed to be on any given pattern. He is always moving."

Beliveau adds that Cournoyer's speed helps the rest of his game. When you are skating swiftly, he says, you concentrate better and consequently pass faster, fake faster, shoot faster. Cournoyer does not have a terrific shot, but gets it away quickly. He scored the majority of his 40 goals last season on moving wrist shots. But goalies cannot categorize him because, while most NHL forwards have three or four shots, Cournoyer can count six: Moving wrist shot, wrist shot when stopped, low shot on the ice, backhand, quick flip near the net and—last and least in his estimation—the big, loud slap shot.

In an emergency, Cournoyer, who normally shoots lefthanded, can even score righthanded. Two years ago against Minnesota in the playoffs, he swooped in from his off side, flip-flopped his hands on

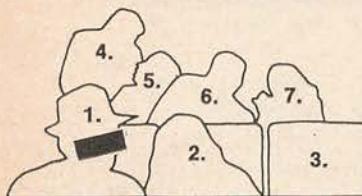
Hockey is falling victim to the ridiculous modern notion, made popular by professional football, that a sport must be violent to sell. Expanding faster than any other game (expect a franchise to go to Pocatello, Idaho, any day now), hockey is promoted in virgin areas as the next best thing to a mass murder. We are promised crunching body-checks, high sticks and fist fights. We see plenty of blood and stitches alright, but maybe we forget what hockey is essentially about and why it always has been so captivating: Speed . . . flashing, swerving, colorful speed.

"Speed is the game," Scotty

Can you spot the Camel Filters smoker?



© 1973 R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Co.



Everybody aboard this jet plane has a gimmick... almost everybody.

Pick the one who doesn't.

1. Nope. He's Hugo Slävia, impoverished secret agent. Gimmick: Sells "hot" watches as a sideline. His cigarettes smoke even hotter.

2. Mike L. Angelow. Gimmick: Artist who draws everything but attention.

At last sidewalk exhibition he got a ticket for littering. Smokes decorator pack cigarettes.

3. No. Ralph Knoshow (not pictured).

4. Transistor radio salesman. Resigned when given new territory...

Japan. His cigarette's taste is missing too.

5. Right. Wherever he goes, he leaves the far-out gimmicks to others. Likes his cigarette no-nonsense too. Camel Filters. Honest. Good tasting.

6. Charlie Chizlar. Gimmicks: 5 overcoats, 4 sweaters, 3 pairs of pants. Saves on overweight luggage. Drains tap in men's room for

his water-filtered cigarettes.

7. He's Vaseli Overaadt, wrestler.

Gimmick: Demonstrating arm wrestling

techniques to strangers.

7. Helen Back, stranger. Also black belt karate expert.



**Camel Filters.
They're not for everybody
(but they could be for you).**

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined
That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

20 mg. "tar," 1.3 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report FEB.'73.

Yvan Cournoyer

CONTINUED

the stick and poked the puck into the net righthanded. "Now I've seen everything," groaned Minnesota goalie Cesare Maniago. Cournoyer says, "He thinks it was a lucky shot, but it wasn't. I practice shooting righthanded with a steel puck that weighs two pounds. I play golf left- or righthanded."

His accuracy is of marksmanship caliber. He aims at small areas of the net and Ron Andrews, the league statistician, points out that he is perennially among the half dozen shooters who score on more than 20 percent of their shots.

There is a widespread feeling that Cournoyer will be the NHL's next 50-goal scorer. He long has impressed insiders by scoring as much against the top teams as against the makeshift expansion franchises, by scoring as much on the road as at home and by scoring with numerous line combinations. "And he's great in the clutch," says Bowman. "It's his nature."

Cournoyer's strength is deceptive. He is listed at five-foot-seven and 165 pounds and may be closer to five-six and 160, but he's no push-over. "He's hard to knock off his feet," says Bowman. "He can go down and regain his balance in the same stride."

Opponents often pick on Cournoyer physically, hoping to intimidate him and slow him down. He has suffered his share of injuries—he missed 11 games last season—but will play hurt. And he doesn't just rely on speed to save him from bruises. Doug Mohns, the old Chicago tough, once tangled with Cournoyer and came away warning: "You take him into a corner at your own risk."

Brawling, however, isn't Cour-

noyer's style. He had only 18 minutes in penalties last year. He converts taunts into motivation. When rugged Jerry Korab of Chicago needled him during the playoffs, asking him what he was going to do when he grew up, Cournoyer replied he was going to score goals—and promptly scored on Korab.

"He has great stamina," says Bowman. "He needs a lot of work and we give it to him, and he'll be going as hard at the end of a game as the start. He's much stronger than he looks in uniform. He has a tremendous physique."

Cournoyer's build wasn't always so impressive. "As a kid, I was always told I was going to get killed playing hockey," he says. "I realized soon that when you are small, you'd better be fast. My hero was Gilles Tremblay of the Canadiens, who was very fast. I always had to work harder than anyone else to get a shot. Everyone was so afraid for me, nobody would pass me the puck. One year in Junior B hockey I never got a shot."

Yvan Serge Cournoyer spent his first 14 years in Drummondville, a French Quebec community of 40,000 noted for carpet-making. He began skating late for a French-Canadian, at the advanced age of seven, but virtually lived on the ice from then on. He spent his free time after school shoveling the wet, heavy snow off a rink with a hand plow so he could skate at night.

At 14 he moved with his family to Montreal, where his father went into the machine-shop business he continues to run, and Yvan's organized hockey career took root. He worked his way up to the strong Lachine team in the Metropolitan Junior League sponsored by the

Canadiens. Football and basketball, other sports he liked, were forgotten. "I played football one year after I first came to Montreal, to learn English," he recalled. "Montreal is predominantly French but bilingual. I didn't understand much in the offensive huddle so they made me a linebacker. I liked the body contact, but it was a difficult way to learn English. If I had it to do over, I would go to Berlitz."

With Lachine, Cournoyer was increasingly fed the puck and scored, and NHL scouts were noticing him. There was no word from Montreal, though, and when Detroit asked him if he would like to play Junior A, he said yes. But Lachine wouldn't give him the necessary release, for which he now professes gratitude, and whether because of Detroit's interest or the Canadiens' own insight, Montreal promoted him to the powerful Junior Canadiens, a classy teenaged version of the parent club, and evinced more obvious interest in his progress.

Yvan played a handful of games for Montreal in 1963-64, scoring in his first game and showing enormous promise. The fans clamored for more of Cournoyer. But for the next three seasons, coach Toe Blake used him only part-time, mostly on the power play. There were two raps on Cournoyer. He suffered too many offside violations skating ahead of the man with the puck and he rushed into his shots on breakaways. He wasn't an enthusiastic checker—that has never been his game—and Blake was a fanatic about checking.

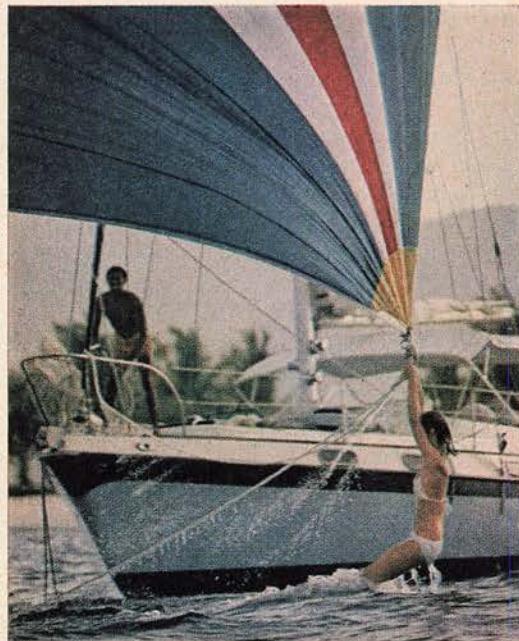
Beliveau taught Cournoyer to come from behind the play to avoid being offside. On breakaways, Cournoyer taught himself to slow down to get off a good shot. His defense improved as soon as he began to play regularly, bearing out the rationale of Jean Ratelle and others that Cournoyer was never really weak defensively because defense is something you learn by playing. Cournoyer today still has scattered detractors of his

"When you're Spinnaker Riding in the Grenadines, an ill wind can bode you no good."



6 YEARS OLD, IMPORTED IN BOTTLE FROM CANADA BY HIRAM WALKER IMPORTERS INC., DETROIT, MICH. 86.8 PROOF, BLENDED CANADIAN WHISKY. © 1973.

"It's sort of like aerial surfing. Your 'surfboard' is a sail—attached to the mast by a long line—so it can float free of the mast. But the air currents you ride in the Tobago Cays are wilder than the waves at Makaha Beach. Almost as soon as Cheryl got onto her perch—a gust sent her soaring.



"Cheryl had all the luck that day. Everything started out all right when I took flight. Then, just when I reached peak altitude of 50 feet...the spinnaker collapsed and I was wiped out. Kerplunk! Some devil of a wind had decided that my next destination was the deep blue sea.

"Later, we toasted our adventure with Canadian Club at the Secret Harbour Hotel in Grenada." Wherever you go, C.C. welcomes you. More people appreciate its incomparable taste. A taste that never stops pleasing. It's the whisky that's perfect company all evening long. Canadian Club—"The Best In The House"® in 87 lands.



Canadian Club
Imported in bottle from Canada.

Yvan Cournoyer

CONTINUED

defensive game, but Bowman isn't among them. "When you have the puck and are applying terrific pressure offensively, it's hard to be a poor defensive player," he says. "Yvan is one of our best fore-checkers."

Cournoyer has been a regular for Montreal since 1967, and in retrospect the long breaking-in period may have been best. Too many latter-day young stars-apparent have been rushed into full-time NHL service with expansion teams and may never realize their potential. "Montreal knew what it was doing all along with Cournoyer," says Leo Ornstein, an astute Atlanta front-office man. "They brought him along slowly, but surely. The pressure on him, if he were to have succeeded Bernie Geoffrion and Maurice Richard at right wing right away, wou'd have been awful."

Cournoyer has been an outstanding player for the past six years, scoring 43 goals in 1968-69 and 47 in 1971-72 with nearly as many assists; the only recent hold-up in his climb to superstardom has been making the first All-Star team. First he was stuck behind Gordie Howe, then for the last three years he has been runner-up at right wing to Ken Hodge of Boston, Rod Gilbert of New York and Mickey Redmond of Detroit, in that order. Redmond, let go by Montreal, scored 52 goals last season. I do not know of a general manager, however, who would trade Cournoyer, a more complete and team-oriented player, for Redmond plus a weekend with Raquel Welch.

Since the Canadiens regained

the Stanley Cup largely through the speeding-bullet exploits of Cournoyer, he is a hero of the first order in Montreal. It is not a stature he entirely relishes. "I went to an Expo game and in two minutes they had me out in front of the crowd," he says regretfully.

His refuge is a large old two-story stucco home on a lake outside Montreal that he and his French wife have renovated. Cournoyer also likes the quiet area for his young daughter and son and because it is walking distance to

water skiing in the summer and snow skiing in the winter.

Cournoyer wants to travel more but otherwise expects no change in life style as the result of his new MVP status. He is making about \$125,000 a year and did not try to renegotiate his contract—as did goalie Ken Dryden, before announcing his retirement just before training camp opened.

Cournoyer turns a seemingly unconcerned ear to speculation that Dryden's departure, if it sticks, could force Cournoyer and the rest of the Flying Frenchmen to play more cautiously since there would be no big man in the nets to make the big stop behind them. "We would miss him, but we have good young goalies," Yvan says. "Montreal has replaced fine players many times. We have our style and we will stay with it." That style, best exemplified by Cournoyer, is to kill bloodlessly, with speed. ■



A rival Eastern Division coach's tribute to Cournoyer's skills: "He's the most dangerous player in all of sports."

Johannesburg, South Africa. An 18-year old white youth allegedly bled to death after a traffic accident because a policeman refused to allow him to be taken to a hospital in a "black only" ambulance. Morris Edges, the Mayor, said the incident was a case of "individual indiscretion." He said that the policeman "merely applied the law, for which he cannot be blamed."

—New York Times
September 2, 1973

Gary Player is a professional golfer. Cliff Drysdale is a professional tennis player. They wear no prescribed uniforms. There is no team name stitched across their chests. They play *individual* sports, yet they are labeled as clearly as if they were Dallas Cowboys or Pittsburgh Pirates or Boston Celtics. The golf pairings list reads "Gary Player, South Africa." The tennis draw reads "Cliff Drysdale, South Africa."

It was the second of the 12 days of Forest Hills. The hazy sun had dried up all the air and the West Side Tennis Club was as uncomfortable as the New York subway during an August rush hour. Cliff Drysdale came out onto court 18. He was to play a second-round match with Barry Phillips-Moore of New Zealand. A handful of people lined the court. The lack of air to breathe and lack of crowd noise produced a lethargic feeling rather than the excitement you would expect to find at the U.S. Open.

The referee came out onto the court and greeted the contestants. Drysdale approached him.

"Please introduce me as Cliff Drysdale of Lakeway, Texas," he said.

The referee climbed into his chair and announced to the handful of people, "This is a second-round match. To my left is Cliff Drysdale of Lakeway, Texas...."

It was the Monday after the British Open. Gary Player had flown to New York immediately after finishing up at Troon in Scot-

Two South Africans, Different As **BLACK** **&** **WHITE**

BY MARTY BELL

land. He came to play an exhibition for the American Banknote Corporation and its clients.

The sun hung in a cloudless blue sky but a comfortable breeze ruffled the sleeves of the golfers on the first tee at the Sunningdale Country Club. Player was in a good mood, cordial and receptive, but his mind was elsewhere. "If you really want to get to know me," he said, "you should come to my ranch in South Africa. You would just love it. It's the most beautiful place I have ever seen anywhere in the world."

Player and Drysdale are the two

most accomplished, best known South Africans in the sporting world. They are linked in the minds of sports fans all over the world by the "South Africa" that appears after their names. The similarity ends there.

Gary Player is dapper. His knit shirts cling to his muscular frame, the sleeves stretching to cover the arms that are much too round and much too long for a man five-foot-eight. He has the compact body of a middleweight boxer and the smooth coordination of a basketball player. His shiny black hairs are all neatly brushed toward the rear and remain in place through





BLACK & WHITE

CONTINUED

even the windiest 18 holes of golf.

Cliff Drysdale is gangly. The knitted clothes hang loosely on his very long, very thin frame. His light brown curls are always ruffled on his head. He sits with his long legs crossed at the knees as if there is no place for him to put all of them. His expressive face reminds you of Peter O'Toole.

Player is rugged. He developed his small frame until he became one of the greatest golfers of the era. He would never have been able to outdrive the larger players, so he perfected all the finer, more delicate aspects of the game—the shots from sand and the shots from the rough. Along with Arnold Palmer and Jack Nicklaus, he was one of the Big Three of the early '60s. Together they attracted the tremendous money game it now is. Early in his career,

he won each of the four most important tournaments—the U.S. and British Opens, the Masters and the PGA. This year, at 34, he came back from major surgery on his urethra tube, determined to reach again the high level of play he knew so well. He came out of the hospital earlier than the normal man should, returned to golf earlier than the doctor advised and won the Southern Open after just two months back on the tour.

Drysdale is lazy. He is the first to tell you that. He is a great natural athlete who matured at his game at a young age and reached the finals at Forest Hills in his very first year on the tour, 1965. He could never strain to build the endurance needed to win consistently

and always remained a notch below the best tennis players in the world. At 32, he admits having lost much of the singlemindedness of purpose that he knows is needed to win. There are frequent moments now when he asks himself if it is worth it all.

Drysdale has played tennis all over the world for nine years now. Player has been the most international of all golfers for 16, passing up much of each year's tour in the U.S. to play worldwide events. And every place they have played, they have carried the burden of representing apartheid. Each has been threatened and protested against for all the world to see. Player played the 1969 U.S. Open in Dayton accompanied by armed guards to hold off the crowd. Drysdale had to appear before an NAACP meeting in Boston to ask the members to stop interrupting the 1970 pro championships.

As different as the two are physically and athletically, they are more different politically. Each has chosen his own way of carrying the apartheid burden.

Gary Player sat in the kitchen of a friend's house tucked away on a wooded private road in Purchase, New York. He had met this friend at a pro-am and liked his swing. Now he stays with him each year when he comes to play at Westchester. He likes staying with friends on the tour. He insists golf is a very lonely business. But not lonely enough to force him to move his wife and six children away from South Africa.

"I love South Africa," he says as he systematically slices a peach into equal slices. "I love it more than any country I have ever seen. There is something in the air there that I just can't explain."

He eats blueberries and drinks fruit juice and pours honey on his toast and wants to talk of golf. "I don't like to get into politics. I love everybody. I love all people," he insists. But the political questions keep coming at him and he begins to put up his guard.

"It is foolish for me to talk politics. I went through five years of that. I said something and it was taken wrong. It is impossible for an American to understand the situation in South Africa. Impossible.

"My very best friend in the world is a black man, Willie Bathedsa. He works on my ranch. He came to me and said he wanted a kitchen. I told him I would build him a wonderful, modern kitchen. But that's not what he wanted. He wanted a round kitchen with a hole in the roof. He wanted smoke to come out of the top. So I built him that kitchen. Now the walls are all charred but he loves it. He loves to burn wood. He loves the smell of the wood burning.

"It was hard for me to understand. It's just as hard for an American to understand South Africa."

Player lives with his family and his 30 black helpers on his ranch in Magoebaskloof in the Northern Transvaal. It is named Bellerive. It is not named after Blanche DuBois' plantation in *A Streetcar Named Desire*, but after the golf course in St. Louis where he won the U.S. Open in 1966.

"When I prepare to go away, Willie comes over to me and says, 'What are you going away for, Gary? When are you going to stay here on the ranch? Why are you going up in that airplane? Here it is beautiful. Look at the trees. Look at the birds. Look at the sky.' And tears come down both our faces. There is love on my ranch.

"I hate the word apartheid. It's wrong. It's really separate development. In Africa, wherever there has been rapid change, there has been chaos. We don't want militancy. We can't have it. We're outnumbered five to one. It's not like here where you outnumber the blacks ten to one.

"But the situation is better than ever. I carry no burden."

Next year Player will go over the \$1 million career earning mark. But that is only the base of the fortune that he and his agent Mark McCormack have built for him. Player is doing the usual endorse-

ments, his most visible contracts being with Dunlop and Coca Cola. He is racing horses in South Africa and building golf courses in Japan. His perspective on life is predominantly financial.

In 1966, when he won the Open, he gave \$20,000 of his prize to Junior Golf and the remaining \$5000 to the American Cancer Fund. "When I was walking down the 18th fairway at Oakmont during the 1962 Open, I promised Joe Dey that if I ever won that tournament I would donate my prize to charitable organizations. I wanted to show my appreciation to this country. I don't want to just take and not give."

"When any of the caddies needs anything, when he gets busted on the road, runs out of money, they go to Gary," says Alfred "Rabbit" Dyer, who has caddied for Player this year. "He has never turned any of them down. The caddies must owe him \$3000, but he has never asked for a cent back."

Player has visibly tried to deal with the burden he denies he carries. Sometimes to his own embarrassment. In 1970, he offered to play exhibition matches with Lee Elder for the benefit of the American Negro College Fund. The representatives of the fund turned down his offer. They did not want to be associated with a representative of South Africa.

"Now that was apartheid," Player says.

Cliff Drysdale walked off the court after beating Dick Dell in a first round U.S. Open match that was harder than it should have been. I walked with him and asked him about his two-handed backhand, which he favored long before it became fashionable.

"Please, let's talk about something else," he said. "Let's not talk about tennis."

As he walked toward the clubhouse he was joined by a writer who discussed their joint involvement in raising money for Cystic Fibrosis.



Why push a brush when you get a better shine pushing a button?



The electric push-button shoeshine in two speeds:
In this solid oak chest you have polish applicators, brushes, buffers, extra flannels, mudbrush and polish. Each attachment couples magnetically to the Roto-Shine with low speed for application and high for buffing and polishing. Push the button and you have an automatic shoe shine.

© 1973 Ronson Corporation, Woodbridge, N.J. ® Also available in Canada. ®



**The Ronson Roto-Shine magnetically picks up
applicators, brushes, polishers and outshines
experts.**

RONSON
DIFFERENT BY DESIGN AND BETTER BECAUSE OF IT

BLACK & WHITE

CONTINUED

In the clubhouse, he set about polling the players who would join him in a tournament in Japan. He was asking if they would wear clothing manufactured by Kawasaki, whose line he endorsed.

An advertising executive cornered him by his locker and quizzed him about bringing a group of clients to Lakeway, the Texas resort he represents.

Finally he got into the shower. But comedian Alan King followed him in to discuss complications arising with King's tennis tournament in Las Vegas.

As he emerged from the shower, John Newcombe shouted at him. "Mr. Drysdale, what are you doing now—business or politics?"

"Is there any difference?" Drysdale replied.

Cliff Drysdale is a political man. The politics he has chosen to concern himself with are tennis politics. He is the president and much of the driving force behind the Association of Tennis Professionals, the union of male players that is fighting to control its own game as the PGA controls golf; it's the group that sponsored the controversial Wimbledon boycott.

It seems odd that a man with activist tendencies who comes from South Africa would turn his political efforts toward tennis.

"I left South Africa for the first time in 1962," he says, "and as is very natural for anyone leaving home for the first time, I very vehemently defended her. When I was politically attacked in Europe, my immediate reaction was to defend my home and to hide behind

the easiest explanation, that no one from outside of South Africa could understand what goes on there.

"But three or four years ago I underwent a basic personality change. I matured. I became more aware of myself as a person and of other people's feelings.

"At that time I was exposed to a very serious anti-South African campaign, particularly in England. That probably triggered my response. Until then, I said that sports and politics were two different things. But that movement made me more aware of what I represented.

"I realized that South Africans could not say that sport is above politics as long as politics has so much to do with sport over there. The black South African is a second-class sporting citizen.

"Arthur Ashe was a friend of mine and he was involved in this anti-South African thing. I was allowed to play in my friend's country and he was not allowed to play in mine. I then began to feel that

I no longer wanted to be associated with the South African label. It embarrassed me. It embarrassed me around friends like Ashe.

"At the time I was spending very little time at home anyway and it would be convenient to have my family where I could see them more often. At first, my wife, Jean, and I considered moving to England. But then Al Hill approached me and told me about the resort community of Lakeway that he and Lamar Hunt were building near Austin, Texas. It seemed like the perfect place for us."

"I would say that at the time, the decision to leave South Africa was 75 percent convenience and 25 percent to get away from the social stigma—that's a horrible word to use and if South Africans heard me use it, they'd go crazy. But I think that ratio has changed."

"I find it very difficult to enjoy myself in South Africa because of the presence of second-class citizens everywhere—serving in bars, cooking in your friends' homes,

being checked on the street for a pass or something ridiculous like that. I can't live with that day in and day out for a lifetime."

"I have to go back once every year for my wife to see her family. When you go back you realize the relative isolation, you see the lack of understanding, the disbelief that anyone could think that South Africa is not the greatest place in the world to live."

"Gary Player is the most famous personality in all of South Africa and one of the ten most famous South Africans of all time. I don't agree with the way he represents the country to the world because he is so fervently in favor of the government policy. When he goes back to Johannesburg he plays golf with the Prime Minister and makes his position perfectly clear."

"But I do admire him for sticking to his beliefs in life. I'm sure there are tremendous pressures on him to abandon his loyalty to South Africa."

"South Africanism is very un-

popular in this world, you know."

December. It is summer in South Africa. The most beautiful time of year in the land that advertises the most beautiful weather in the world. Gary Player spends the holiday with his family on his ranch.

In Texas the weather is ruthlessly unpredictable. A beautiful, spring-like day can be followed by a norther and an ice storm that keeps everyone locked in their homes. Cliff Drysdale is at Lakeway with his family, playing tennis indoors at what he calls the most beautiful resort community he has ever seen. "Lovely," he calls it.

Both men are where they want to be. They wouldn't trade places with anyone in the world . . . especially each other.

Cry, the beloved country, these things are not yet at an end. The sun pours down on the earth, on the lovely land that man cannot enjoy. He knows only the fear of his heart.

—ALAN PATON ■

GET IN ON THE ACTION! WITH THE REALISTIC ASTRONAUT-6



VHF-HI
Instant
Weather
Reports,
Police.
152-174 MHz.

VHF-LO
Emergency
Messages.
30-50 MHz.

SW-1
Worldwide
News, Music.
5-12 MHz.



SW-2
Foreign,
Hams, More.
12-22 MHz.

FM
Static-Free
Music.
88-108 MHz.

AM
Sports, News,
Music.
540-1600 kHz.

REALISTIC
by Radio Shack

and ALLIED RADIO STORES
A TANDY CORPORATION COMPANY
P. O. Box 1052, Fort Worth, Texas 76107



FREE '74 CATALOG
AT YOUR NEARBY STORE OR
MAIL THIS COUPON

180 Pages . . . Full Color! Hi-Fi, CB, Kits,
Recorders, Antennas, Parts, More!

Name _____ Apt. # _____

Street _____

City _____ State _____ ZIP _____

Prices may vary at individual stores.

The radio that gets more than just news, music & weather — it gets behind-the-scenes "action" you won't read about in the paper. Complete with batteries & AC line cord so you can carry the excitement with you. Every big feature is included. VHF squelch control to cut noise between messages. Precision fine-tuning on all 6 bands. Tone control. AFC. Dial light button. Pro-size 1/4" headphone jack. Built-in antennas plus a jack for an external antenna. U.L. listed. Exclusively at 2000 Radio Shack stores.

SEND NO CASH • CHARGE TO YOUR

MASTER CHARGE • BANKAMERICARD
DINERS' CLUB • AMERICAN EXPRESS



These beauties are world-famous for warmth and comfort. The style is really now but don't settle for just the looks . . . you get every authentic feature. To avoid disappointment, rush your order today as our supply is limited and going fast.

FLEECED-LINED

Swedish Army Officer's Coat!

With All the
Authentic Features!

\$29⁹⁵

ORDERS SHIPPED
DAY RECEIVED!

- Deep, high pile fabric of 100% acrylic — looks like shearling and has shearlings' unbeatable warmth!
- Heavy doubleweight cotton duck canvas!
- 5-button tab front closing—under-collar storm tab for wintry days!
- Deep 7" collar to turn up against winds!
- 2 extra-large 1-button bellows pockets — roomy enough for all your gear!
- Button sleeve tabs for warmth!
- Belted back style!
- In White only . . . Sizes 34-46
- Double-stitched reinforced seams throughout for extra strength and long wear!

— SEND NO MONEY — USE YOUR CREDIT CARD —

GIFT HOUSE, Dept. 4773

4500 N.W. 135th St., Miami, Florida 33059

Please send me the item checked below. I understand I may return item within 10 days for a full and complete refund if not completely satisfied. Enclosed is check or m.o. for \$ _____

— Swedish Army Officer's Coats (#40031) @ \$29.95
(Add \$1.50 postage)

Specify size (34 to 46) desired _____

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____

STATE _____

ZIP _____

(Florida residents add 4% sales tax.)

**You May Charge
Your Order**

DINERS CLUB
 BANKAMERICARD
 AMERICAN EXPRESS
Acct. No. _____
Good Thru. _____

MASTER CHARGE
Acct. No. _____
INTERBANK NO.
(Find above your name)
Good Thru. _____

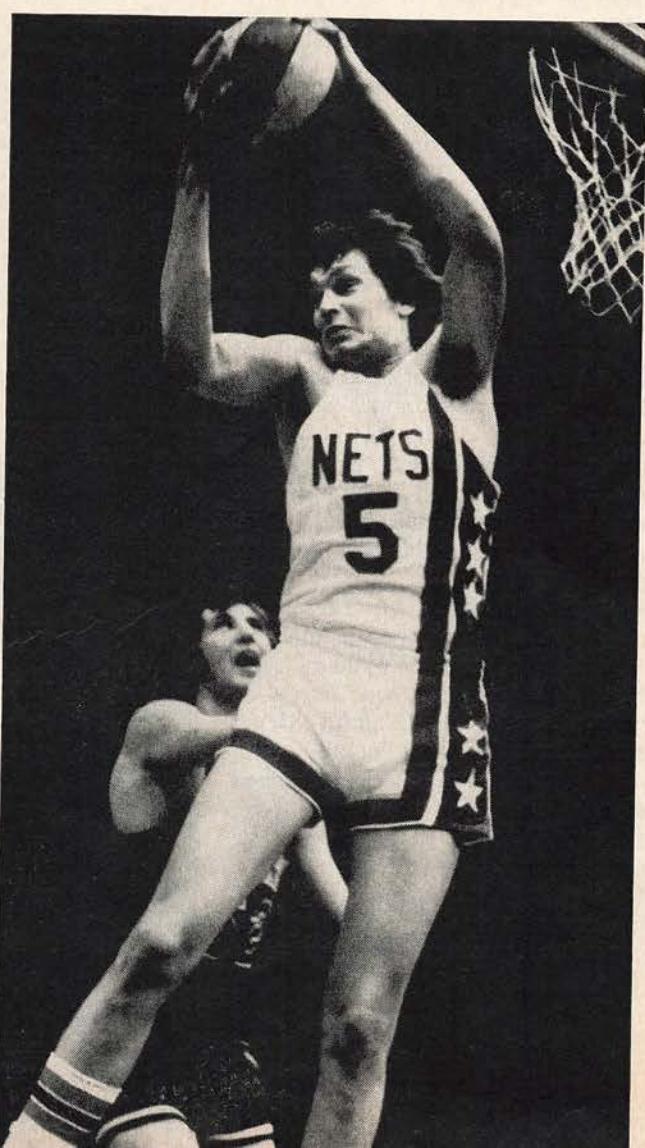
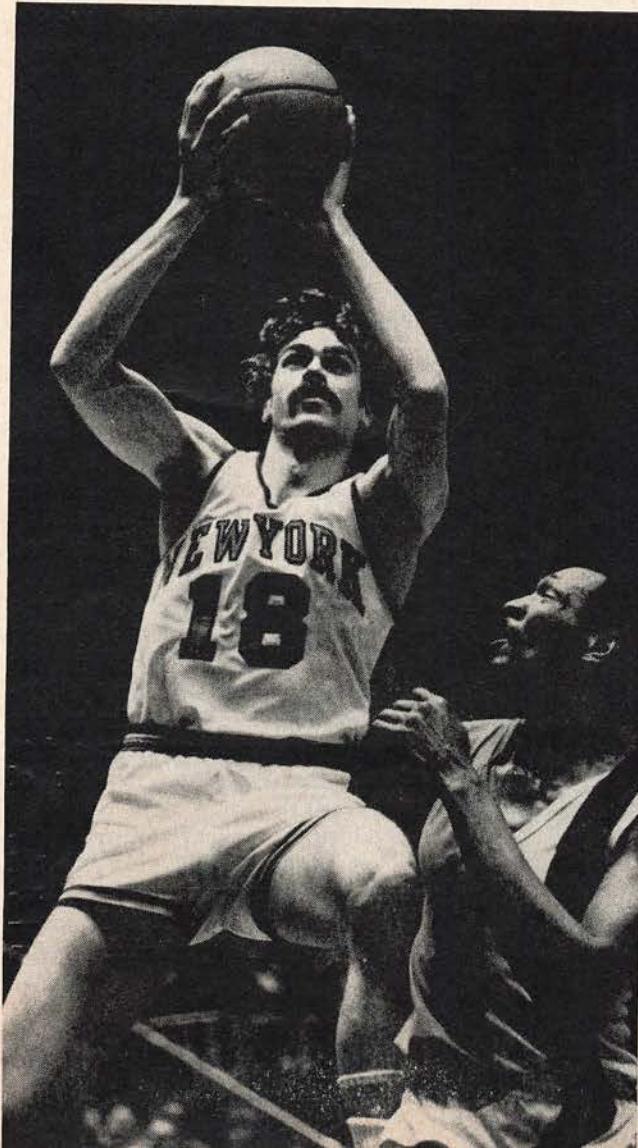
BY GEORGE VECSEY

SOUL BROTHERS: Phil Jackson, Billy Paultz, John Hummer, & Stan Love

Phil Jackson, Billy Paultz, John Hummer and Stan Love are soul brothers. It's not just that they're all professional basketball players . . . or that none of them is a superstar . . . or even that they're white men in what is predominantly a black man's game. What binds them together is that each of them, in his own way, is an individualist playing a team sport.

On any pro team, a player has to struggle if he wants to keep his own perspective on the things around him. There are many pressures—from employers and from fans—to think and act strictly as an athlete, as part of a team, to do only the things on and off the field or court that are expected of an athlete. Basketball, though, being urban and black and therefore less

Brother Jackson is a country boy who found work in the big city, while brother Paultz is New York all the way.



BROTHERS

CONTINUED

mainstream than other sports, allows the player a little more leeway. Jackson, Paultz, Hummer and Love could not exist nearly as well in any other sport; if they had been baseball, football or hockey players, they might have been forced to drop out by now.

But each of the four has succeeded in keeping a sense of himself that transcends sports. They all feel that they are more aware than their contemporaries of the absurdities inherent in being a professional athlete. Each one creates a reality he can live in.

"The team comes first. You must have an eagerness to sacrifice personal interests for the welfare of the team."

—John Wooden, coach, UCLA

"Playing basketball is just like everything else: They own your body and they try to own your head."

—Phil Jackson, player,
New York Knicks

Jackson's body and head co-exist in a loft on New York's lower West Side. There's a hammock suspended from the ceiling of his living room, a dart board with Spiro Agnew's picture on it and on the wall a photograph taken by Phil of a Colorado mountain. But the most revealing thing in the room is Jackson's record collection. There is a dust-covered stack which includes the likes of Andy Williams and Frank Sinatra, and then there's an active stack—the Grateful Dead, the Allman Brothers, et al.

"My taste in people has changed also," Phil said. "But I never dug the gung-ho type of ballplayer. We used to have a few of them on the Knicks but there were usually people around who could keep them cool. It creates segments on a team

which sometimes run over onto the court. Some people just wouldn't pass to other people. It creates a lot of needless tension."

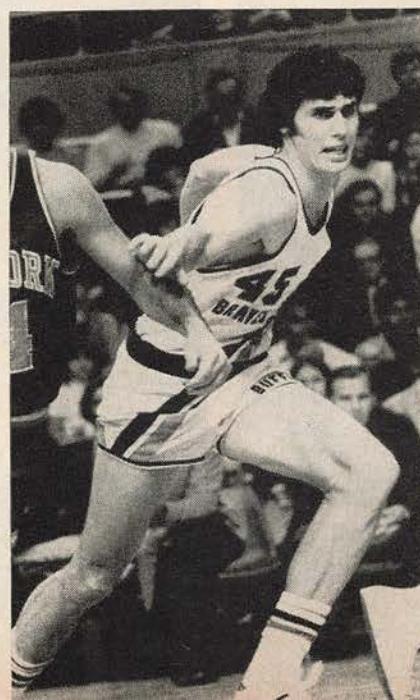
Phil was throwing an off-season party celebrating Saturday night and the dozen or so guests were very comfortable with each other. There was a bag of walnuts on the table, a bottle of wine occasionally made the rounds and someone was banging on the piano in the corner.

"None of my friends are basketball people," Phil was saying. "I never really had a friend on the Knicks. Because of the pressure, the inconvenience and the competition, you have to stop at a certain level. You get down to everything but personal life."

Jackson has started maybe 20 games in his tenure with the Knicks, but his bed-spring hair, his mustache and his Ichabod Crane body are as well-known to every basketball fan as Jerry West's nose.

"It's like living in a smaller world," Jackson continued, "a complete world but just a lot smaller. But, in a way, professional sports is just like the real world—a lot of people have invested a lot

Brother Hummer fled Buffalo for Chicago.



of money and that leads to politicking and pressure situations. Kids come into the league and get big money right off the bat, and the guys getting the bread have to play, even if someone else is better."

When Jackson was a rookie out of the University of North Dakota six years ago, he was a second-round draft choice and signed a one-year contract for \$13,500.

"Bill Bradley turned pro basketball around," Phil said. "He got \$400,000 for four years which was an incredible sum then. After his first game I couldn't find a seat in the locker room because there were 50 reporters around. I mean people from *Time* and *Life*. Bradley was a public figure to the nth degree. He had the romantic Princeton-Rhodes Scholar thing going for him, but mainly, he was the first white hope. Pro basketball is dominated by black players, but the people who own the sport, pay to see it live, sponsor it on TV and write about it are white. So they all focused in on Bradley."

Phil's boots and dirty socks were leaning against the sofa, but nobody seemed to mind. A few people were on the roof, pressing their faces against the skylight, and a black woman was working on a floor-to-ceiling crossword puzzle hanging next to the dart board.

"Ballplayers have to wear suits on most teams in the NBA," Phil was saying as he wiped his dirty hands on his pants. "This happens to be the only club where you can wear jeans. If it wasn't for the fact that I'm on the Knicks, I couldn't dress and act the way I do and still stay in the league."

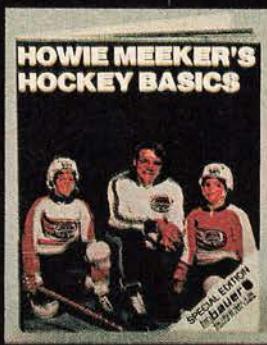
But Phil's life-style does cause some unique problems. He's the Knicks' media hippie, and it has gotten to the point where the hippie community expects him to trip (on drugs) for every game and to attend an obligatory number of rock concerts.

"Sometimes I feel like an amoeba on a slide," Phil said. "But I just try to ignore all of these extraneous things as best I can—they're all so totally absurd. It's fun



"Unless a boy has a good pair of skates on, he's wasting his time. And good doesn't necessarily mean expensive."

Howie Meeker, coach, hockey analyst, and former Toronto Maple Leaf player.



No matter how much money you plan to spend for skates, take a tip from Howie Meeker and fit your feet into Bauer.

"Skating's the first fundamental of hockey and Bauer's just got to be the fundamental choice when it comes to selecting skates," Howie has said. "From the top-of-the-line Supremes right on down, they're what the big boys wear."

If you'd like to know what Howie Meeker thinks about the game of hockey and every piece of hockey equipment, you should read his new book of professional expertise called "Howie Meeker's Hockey Basics".

The book's regular price is \$3.95, but we'll send you the special Bauer

edition, complete and unabridged, for only \$2.00 when you send us the special order form that's now in every box of Bauer skates.

So consider the book. And try on the skates that come out on the positive side of a critical Howie Meeker analysis.

Bauer skates. Because your feet can make you famous.

bauer NHL

The Official Skate of the
National Hockey League.

BROTHERS

CONTINUED

for people to have their superstars, but you can't take the cross off their backs and put it on yours."

Phil keeps his perspective by going camping during the off-season, listening to his music, surrounding himself with friends who will still be there the day after he is finished as a ballplayer, and puffing on a good cigar. He is capable of discussing offense as "a very civilized breaking down of a team's defense," and of shilling for a hair spray. It's all part of the game and Phil is careful to keep certain things from getting too close to him.

"In *The Hobbit*," Phil said, "the Grand Wizard can blow smoke rings in all different colors. He just sits there and blows them to the ceiling. I can only aspire to that."

"Defeat is worse than death because you have to live with defeat."

—Bill Musselman, coach,
University of Minnesota

"The main thing I try to do is not take anything too seriously—including myself. I play a couple of good games, read the headlines in the paper, and I laugh it off because tomorrow I may stink up the court."

—Billy Paultz, player,
New York Nets

Few dedicated football players would ever publicly consider the possibility of playing a bad game, but Billy Paultz is a basketball player. At St. John's he was called "The Big Whopper" and a lot of people laughed when he was drafted three years ago by the Nets. But Billy parlayed hard work and a healthy attitude into a spot in last year's ABA All-Star game.

"My success in basketball is recent," Billy said, "so I still enjoy it. Right now is the easiest time of my life—I make 70 grand, there's

publicity and friends around all the time. But it's all got to come to an end eventually. Basketball will be my life for maybe eight more years. Then I'll have 30 or 40 years to go and I don't want to live in a dream world the rest of my life."

Billy is six-foot-11, 245 pounds and he moves with a bulky kind of stiffness, a motion which is translated into power on a basketball court. His hair is modishly long and he wears what the hip young man-about-town should wear. We were sitting in a Queens apartment Billy shares with three friends.

If Phil Jackson, a minister's son, had to adjust to New York, Billy was born, raised and has thrived in the media brier patch. "I realize I'm public property," he said. "I can't eat dinner at a restaurant without 30 kids asking me for my autograph. It can make you all tense and antagonistic if you let it get to your head. I just sign them all without making an issue of it. It's part of my job and they'll be gone in a couple of minutes."

Billy's emotional equilibrium is not merely the protective shield acquired by a veteran; you have to be with him a while before you accept that he's not putting you on.

"All of this attention on a sustained basis has to affect you," Billy said. "The chicks especially—they're everywhere. Some guys think they're really hot stuff with the chicks hanging all over them. But as soon as the next team comes into town, these chicks forget all about them."

Which is not to say that Billy Paultz is an innocent or a eunuch. "I'm the original good-time kid," he admitted. "I'm looking to boogey around like everybody else, but it won't take over my life. Guys like Rick Barry and Walt Frazier think they're kings and they try to live like kings. I live like a jack."

What will happen, I asked Paultz, when he makes the All-Star team a few more times, when perhaps he leads the league in rebounds, when he gets to wear the Keds and becomes the shot blocker instead of the blockee? "It can certainly change you around," he said. "I hope I can stay together . . . but I just can't say for sure."

"Well this side of Paradise! . . . There's little comfort in the wise."

—Rupert Brooke

John Hummer looks and sounds like a Princeton man. His face is long and scholarly and his voice resonates with a dignity that shows respect for language. His words are carefully weighted and selected. You get the feeling that Hummer's voice would betray any lie he might tell. When he talks basketball, his words are even more measured.

"I like to think that playing basketball is just something that I enjoy doing and that I'm good at," John said, before the 1973-74 season began. "It is in no way any more important than what anyone else does in his particular field. Unfortunately, the whole idea of Super Bowls and playoffs with their widespread media coverage has made people look at games in dimensions larger than life. The men who play in these games have somehow achieved a status which is totally out of proportion. To hold onto your sanity, you have to say to yourself, 'This isn't the way it should be, it's just the way it is.'"

For the past three seasons, John played ball in Buffalo. He got standing ovations from the fans, but he also got a lot of smoke. In a losing game against the Celtics last year, Hummer scored only four points but managed to hold John Havlicek without a field goal for the first half; he was roundly booed by the Buffalo fans. A few days later, Hummer scored 24 in a win over Seattle but his man, Spencer Haywood, got 45; that night, Hummer was the toast of Buffalo.

"It's ludicrous," he said. "The problem, I believe, is a lack of bas-

THE WORLD'S FASTEST, MOST SUCCESSFUL BODY SHAPER EVER!

SLIM DOWN

Our Guaranteed
"5" Minute Body
Shaper Does It ...

Without giving
up the foods
you love!



Joe Weider, fitness expert and trainer of champions since 1936 says:

"Give me 5 minutes twice daily for only 7 days and you'll lose up to 3 inches from your waistline, up to 10 pounds of unwanted weight, and 'shape up' — or I will return every penny."

Let's face the facts why you're out of shape.

You eat the wrong combination of foods, you do not get enough exercise to thoroughly work your muscular, metabolic and respiratory systems daily. Because of this, fat accumulates around your waistline, heart and other body organs, slowing you down, aging your body and destroying your vitality, virility and youth. There is only one way to firm up and shape up: that is through proper exercise and proper nutrition. Effortless exercisers, reducing pills, sauna shorts, weighted belts, dangerous and painful diets and other gimmicks designed to appeal to your laziness will not work and have been exposed by the medical profession as frauds, ineffective and in some cases dangerous. They can only reduce your pocketbook. Face up to it... If you want to slim down, firm and shape up, you must work off the inches, and there is no safer, faster and more enjoyable way to do it than with our patented, truly miraculous "5" Minute Body Shaper Plan.

How does this ingenious "5" Minute Plan slim, firm and shape you up?

Its miraculous slimming action is based on doing one simple "5" Minute Continuous Rhythm coordinated exercise! That's all you do! That's all your body needs to help make up for the lack of activity it doesn't get most of the day. The action is designed to supply your waistline and hipline (where fat accumulates quickest, giving your body a flabby, weak and distorted look) with the activity it needs to slim you and keep you slim. It also burns off excess fat FAST by speeding up your metabolism and respiratory system, using up stored calories, carbohydrates and fats and releasing excess water, thereby shaping and firming up your total body!

Patent Pending. © Copyright Joe Weider, 1973

It's safer than strenuous gym workouts, beats the time consumption and dangers of gym workouts... or any other vigorous sport.

The unit weighs about 16 ounces and fits any wallet-size case. You can carry it with you and use it — anytime — wherever there's floor space for your body. Even while watching television.

What the experts say:

Medical Doctors, Chiropractors, Osteopaths, Athletic Coaches... agree it's the most successful Waistline-Weight Reducer and Shaping Up Plan ever invented!

"Doctors have always known, exercise done while lying on the back virtually eliminates strains while slimming and reshaping the body. Yours is the finest Body Shaper Program on the market."

RICHARD TYLER, Chiropractor

"Beats jogging and working out in gyms — and much safer. I lost 4½ inches off my waist in 14 days." JIM HANLEY, famous athletic coach

"Miraculous! Weighs less than a pound, is simple to use and beats working out in a gym with 30 different exercisers."

TOM MINOCHELLO, famous gym owner

"Based on sound physiological and medical knowledge, it burns fat and shapes the body without strain to the heart and other organs. I lost 12 lbs. of excess weight using it."

DR. ANITA SANTANGELO,
Chiropractic Orthopedics

5' MINUTE BODY SHAPER

We'll slim your body...
while you watch the girls!

What comes off in 14 days?

Individual results vary, but during an average 14-day period you can expect to lose up to 4 inches from your waistline and up to 10 pounds from your present weight. It strengthens your heart and lungs, increases stamina and endurance, improves your digestive function and general health. It also shapes you up — from head to toes. For a "5" Minute Exerciser — it sure does a lot.



Weighs just 16 ounces.
Small enough to fit into
pouch shown.

FREE TRIAL OFFER: Get it off fast... and see measurable results in three days or every penny back!

Proven results are already verified by the thousands. The guarantee is in writing. Now, can you think of a reason for not ordering your "5" Minute Total Body Shaper and start looking and feeling like a million... in just 3 days?

**DISCOVER A NEW JOY IN YOUR BODY
GIVE IT SEX APPEAL!
COMPLETE KIT ONLY \$9.95**

JOE WEIDER, Dept. AE/L
"5" Minute Body Shaper Plan
21100 Erwin Street,
Woodland Hills, Ca. 91364

Dear Joe: Rush me your "5" Minute Body Shaper and Slimmers Course in plain wrapper, with your money back guarantee offer!

I ENCLOSE \$9.95 FOR THE ABOVE, PLUS \$1.00 FOR HANDLING AND SHIPPING.

CASH CHECK MONEY ORDER
Send \$1.00 extra for Air-Mail. (No COD's Accepted). Calif. res. add 6% sales tax.

Name

Address

City State Zip

IN CANADA: "5" Minute Body Shaper Plan, 2875 Bates Road, Montreal, Quebec

Is it true the amazing secret of TELECULT POWER AUTOMATICALLY BRINGS YOU ANYTHING YOU DESIRE...

And in 10 seconds starts to draw Riches, Love, Fine Possessions, Friends, Power, Secret Knowledge, and much more into your life? See for yourself!

Yes, a staggering miracle has happened; A brilliant psychic researcher has discovered a secret—so powerful that it is said to bring your desires to you, from the invisible world, like a blazing streak of lightning!

Yes, how would you like to be able to sit in your living room, give the command for love, and instantly have your loved one appear at your side? Or give the command for money, and suddenly find a big, thick roll of dollars in your hand?

Now, a daring new book called TELECULT POWER lays bare this magic secret, and shows how it can bring fortune, love, and happiness. And Reese P. Dubin—the man who discovered it—makes this shocking claim . . .

"Great Wealth And Power Can Be Yours!"

Admittedly, the concept this book proposes is completely opposed and contrary to normal human knowledge and experience. "But at this very moment," says Mr. Dubin, "I have startling proof that I want you to see with your own eyes! I want to show you . . .

- "How diamonds and jewels have appeared, seemingly out of nothingness, shortly after the use of this strange secret!"
- "How a man used this method for a pocketful of money!"
- "How a woman used it to fill an empty purse!"
- "How a farmer received a pot full of gold!"
- "How another user Teleported a gold jewel box to her, seemingly out of thin air!"
- "How a woman used this method to regain her lost youth!"
- "How a man, growing bald, claims he renewed the growth of his hair with this secret!"
- "How a woman used it to bring her mate to her, without asking!"
- "How another woman summoned a man to her out of thin air!"
- "How a man heard the unspoken thoughts of others, with this secret!"
- "How a woman saw behind walls and over great distances, with it!"
- "How a man broadcast silent commands that others had to obey!"

Let us now clearly demonstrate to you the scientific basis behind the new wonderworking, Miracle of TELECULT POWER!

"How Telecult Power Brings Any Desire Easily And Automatically!"

For many years, Reese P. Dubin dreamed of a way to call upon the invisible forces at work all around us. He spent a lifetime digging and searching for the secret. These investigations brought him knowledge that goes back to the dim recesses of the past.

One day, to his astonishment, he discovered that he could actually broadcast silent commands, which others instantly obeyed. Using the secret he tells you about in this book, he tried it time after time—commanding others to sleep, get up and come to him, talk or not talk—and act according to his silent wishes. It worked every time!

Working relentlessly from this evidence, Reese P. Dubin succeeded in perfecting a new kind of instrument—called a Tele-Photo Transmitter—that concentrates your thoughts, and sends them like a streaking bullet to their destination!

OTHERS OBEY SILENT COMMANDS! Writing of the success of this method, one user reports the following experience:

"I willed her to pick up and eat a biscuit from a plate in a corner of the room. She did so. I willed her to shake hands with her mother. She rushed to her mother and stroked her hands . . .

"I willed her to nod. She stood still and bent her head. I willed her to clap her hands, play a note on the piano, write her name, all of which she did."

"No one can escape the power of this method," says Mr. Dubin. "Everybody—high or low, ignorant or wise—all are subject to its spell! And unless the person is told what's being done, he will think the thoughts are his own!"

HEARS THE THOUGHTS OF OTHERS! Experimenting further with the Tele-Photo Transmitter, Reese P. Dubin soon found that he could

"tune in" and HEAR the unspoken thoughts of others. He says, "At first, these hearing impressions startled me, and I took them for actual speech, until I realized that people don't usually say such things aloud! And their lips remained closed."

SEES BEYOND WALLS, AND OVER GREAT DISTANCES! Then he discovered he could pick up actual sights, from behind walls and over great distances! And when he "tuned in" he could see actual living scenes before him—as clear as the picture on a television screen!

MAKES WOMAN APPEAR—SEEMINGLY OUT OF THIN AIR! With mounting excitement, Reese P. Dubin launched one of the most exciting experiments in the history of psychic research. He wanted to see if the Tele-Photo Transmitter could bring him an actual material object! He chose, for this experiment, the seemingly impossible: an actual living person!

He simply focused the Tele-Photo Transmitter, by dialing the object of his desire. In a flash the door burst open, and there—standing before him, as real as life—was his long-lost cousin!

He stared and rubbed his eyes, and looked again! There—smiling, with arms outstretched in greeting—stood living proof of the most astounding discovery of the Century!

Dial Any Treasure!

You'll see how to use the Tele-Photo Transmitter, to summon your desires. This special instrument—your mental equipment—requires no wires, and no electricity. "Yet," says Mr. Dubin, "it can teleport desires, swiftly from the invisible world."

When you dial your desire—whether for riches, love, or secret knowledge—you capture its invisible, photoplasmic form, at which point "it starts to materialize!" says Dr. Dubin.

"Telecult Power can work seeming miracles in your life," says Mr. Dubin. "With it, it is possible to dial any desire—called a Photo-Form—then sit back, relax, and watch this powerful secret go to work!"

"Instantly Your Life Is Changed!"

With this secret, the mightiest force in the Universe is at your command! "Simply ask for anything you want," says Mr. Dubin, "whether it be riches, love, fine possessions, power, friends, or secret knowledge!"

Suppose you had dialed Photo-Form #2 for Jewels, for example. That's what Margaret C. did, in an actual example Mr. Dubin tells you about. Rich, glittering diamonds and jewels literally appeared at her feet: a pair of gold earrings, which she found that morning . . . a surprise gift of a pearl necklace, and matching silver bracelets . . . a beautiful platinum ring set with emeralds and diamonds, dropped on her front lawn!

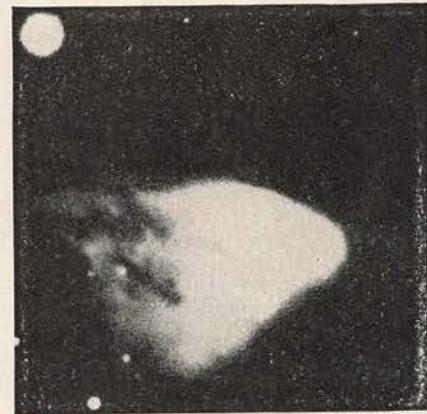
"Almost overnight," says Mr. Dubin, "it can start to multiply riches, bring romance and love . . . draw favors, gifts, new friends . . . or anything else asked for! It isn't necessary for you to understand why. What is important is that it has already worked for many others . . . men and women in all walks of life . . . worked every time . . . and it will work for you, too!"

Brings A Pocket Full Of Money!

You'll see how Jerry D. used this method. He was broke a week before payday. All he did, he says, was to dial Photo-Form #1. Suddenly he felt a bulge in his pocket. Lo and behold! He took out a roll of money . . . fives, tens, twenties . . . and more! Obviously, it had been placed there—but when? And by whom?

A Brand New Car Comes!

Marty C., a taxi driver, reports that he just dialed Photo-Form #4, sat back, relaxed, and waited for things to happen. In a short time, great excitement filled the house. His wife came hurrying in, saying, "We won it! We won a car and a cash prize! They just delivered it!" He got up and went to the window. There, big and beautiful,



standing in the driveway, was a brand new Cadillac!

Brings Mate Without Asking!

Mrs. Conrad B. reports that she was tired of "pursuing" her husband, as she called it. She wanted him to voluntarily do the things she longed for, take her places, show affection. But he hadn't looked at her in years. He would fall asleep immediately after supper, or watched the ball games, or read the papers. Secretly Mrs. B. decided to try this method. She dialed Photo-Form #9 for Love! Instantly, her husband's attitude changed from boredom to interest and enthusiasm. And from that day forward, he showered her with kindness and affection! It was like a miracle come true!

The Power Of This Method!

There are so many personal experiences which I could recount, stories of healing, wealth, and happiness with this secret, that I find myself wanting to tell all of them at once. Here are just a few . . .

• REGAINS HAIR GROWTH! Walter C. had a shiny bald head with just a fringe of white hair showing around the edges. He tried this method, and soon his hair began to regrow. The new hair came in thick, dark, and luxuriant!

• ROLLS DICE 50 TIMES WITHOUT MISSING ONCE! You'll see how this secret gave Albert J. the power to roll the dice 50 times, without missing once, and—for the first time in the history of Las Vegas—walk away with \$500,000!

• DISSOLVES ALL EVIL! You'll see how this amazing secret revealed to Lawrence M. the people who were trying to make him look silly at work—actually revealed their secret thoughts—made them confess and apologize!

If TELECULT POWER can do all this for others, what riches, what rewards, what amazing results can it also bring to you?

— MAIL NO RISK COUPON TODAY! —
GIFT HOUSE BOOKS, Dept. 4774
4500 N.W. 135th Street, Miami, Fla. 33054

Gentlemen: Please rush me a copy of TELECULT POWER #80007, by Reese P. Dubin! I understand the book is mine for only \$6.98 complete. I may examine it a full 30 days at your risk or money back.

Enclosed is check or M.O. for \$ _____

YOU MAY CHARGE MY:
 MASTER CHARGE BANKAMERICARD

Acc't # _____

Inter Bank # _____ (Find above your name)

Expiration date of my card _____

Name _____ Please print _____

Address _____

City _____

State _____ Zip _____

(Florida residents please add 4% sales tax.)

BROTHERS

CONTINUED

ketball sophistication on the part of the basketball public. Until the end of the year, the Buffalo fans never appreciated my style—moving the ball and playing defense."

But before this season, Buffalo did him a favor. They traded him to the Chicago Bulls. He hopes his style will be appreciated by the fans and even by his teammates.

"When I first became a pro three years ago," John said, "I thought it was really important to try and do things with all the players off the court—if you're together off the court, you'll be together on the court and all that. Well, now I think that's a bunch of crap. There are all kinds of cultural, ethnic and socio-economic backgrounds on a team. What you have to do is minimize these differences, obscure them in some way, so they don't affect the play."

Living like this can be a strain, even for a Princeton man, and Hummer has to go out of his way to maintain his balance. "It's easy for some players," he shrugged, "but it's a continuous struggle for me. If we're playing the Knicks, say, I try to get into New York a day early to catch a play or something. I also bought a piano and I try to practice at least one hour a day. That helps me out during the season. But let's face it, for six months part of me is dormant."

John was an English major and as we discussed the necessity for reading medieval literature allegorically according to the system suggested by Professor D. W. Robertson, his manner eased considerably.

"Intellectual stimulation is the one thing I miss most during the basketball season," he said. "I haven't really adjusted to it, but I'm trying. . . . I'm trying."

*"Have you ever been to a festival,
the Big Sur congregation?
Where Country Joe would do his
show
And we'd sing about liberty
And the people there in the open
air, one big family. . . ."**

—Alan Jardine

Stan Love's eyes are open and accepting; he can make a native New Yorker feel like a criminal just by looking at him. We were strolling around Greenwich Village last spring, when he was still with the Baltimore Bullets (this season he's a Los Angeles Laker). Stan is naive in a nice way and his honesty puts a burden on anyone who spends some time with him. You feel like you could sell him the Brooklyn Bridge if you wanted to, but you don't want to.

Stan's older brother, Mike, sings for the Beach Boys, so Stan came into the NBA two years ago with a ready-made image. "I'm the West-Coast-Beach-Boy-flake no matter what I do," he said. "I get good press in Baltimore, but they're constantly emphasizing crazy Stan Love stories. If I smile on the court

Brother Love escaped Baltimore for L.A.



they think I'm screwing around. Sportswriters have one frame of reference and I have another. Sometimes things said in one reality are measured by the other and they don't come out meaning the same—so I'm a freak or a flake.

"The fans show the same lack of tolerance," Stan continued. "They always yell at me—especially when I had a beard during my rookie year. The fans want ballplayers to fit their own idea of what a ballplayer should be, and they certainly don't want freaks on their team. They won't let you be yourself, what you want to be. It's significant though, blacks can wear beards, goatees, do outrageous things but no one really cares—not the fans, not the press, not the management. The black ballplayers are like the proles in George Orwell's *1984*—they were so powerless that they could do what they wanted to."

The blacks on the Baltimore Bullets dig Stan, since they live with stereotyping too much to lay a label on him. "I can sit down and talk heavy things with Wes and Archie," Stan explained. "But they're black and I'm white, and they are completely different individuals than I am. We can get each other's basic ideas, but all our rapping is just exploring each other's heads. We respect each other."

The season is a strain for Stan; it takes him a week to heal and re-adjust. "At home I'm Stan Love and not a ballplayer. I don't have to be self-conscious about everything I do."

Later that evening we found ourselves munching walnuts in Phil Jackson's loft. Stan busied himself throwing darts at the Agnew target. In spite of everything, Stan loves basketball and takes playing it very seriously. "Each dart is a game in the New York-Baltimore playoff series," he said. "Let's see how we'll do." New York won the series, four darts to two.

"Hey, Stan," I said, "do you still do that kind of stuff?"

"Sure," he said, "doesn't everybody?"

Nope.

NEW! '74 *20% OFF

* XMAS CATALOG
WITH 1,000
EASY-TO-ORDER
SPORTS ITEMS!

ONLY
50¢

FREE!
Choice of 15" team
bumper sticker or 2
helmet decals with
catalog order.

S&A ADVERTISING, DEPT. SN
P.O. Box 22026, San Francisco, Cal. 94122

WHO ELSE WANTS TO BEAT THE HORSES?

I'll send you free information in a plain envelope about the same method used by "pros" and "insiders" who regularly take their place at race track payoff windows. We call it Bet-O-Meter. And it's so good that a doctor friend of ours from San Diego informs us that he won \$17,000 in two weeks, using Bet-O-Meter at the Caliente track, for Trotters and Thoroughbreds.

BET-O-METER INFORMATION IS FREE

Sportswriter Santaniello writes "... I came out a winner at all tracks—thoroughbred, harness and even dog races ..." Bet-O-Meter points up only "live" and "hot" horses—but that's only part of the success story. Why not find out for yourself? Write today—Full information is free!

A. G. ILLICH

697 E. 219 St. (Dept. 111EE) Bronx, N.Y. 10467

Be a VETERINARY ASSISTANT

...Lab Aide, Zookeeper, Pet Shop/Kennel Owner
MEN-WOMEN! Train at Home in Spare Time...

Send for Career Kit—**ALL FREE!**

Name _____ Age _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

North American School of Animal Sciences, Dept. 3325C

4500 Campus Dr., Newport Beach, CA 92663



23L

FOOTBALL JERSEYS

Custom order your choice of jersey number. Personalize jerseys with your name on the back, pro style. Quality, authentic game jerseys. Wide selection. Ideal for recreation wear or made-to-order gift. Send now for 1973-74 catalog. Rush name, address and 25¢ coin to cover postage and handling to:

SCORELINEUP COMPANY
P. O. Box 8344 Spokane, Wash. 99203

Official-Size NFL "Autograph" Football



The official-size NFL autographed football proudly bears the name of your favorite team plus the official NFL emblem, and is imprinted with individual facsimile signatures of that team's members. You'll want to give it to a youngster or keep it in a prominent spot in your trophy room, den, or office—for all your football-minded friends to admire.

Official-size, official-weight ball is of rugged simulated pigskin that has the leathery grain, feel, and heft of a real pro ball. Perfect for limbering up your passing arm, whenever you're in the mood.

Comes inflated, but has inflating needle in package, so you can always pump it up to official pressure, no matter how many years you have it around.

Your choice of all 26 NFL teams—with the players' signatures!

Be a hero to some kid... or display it with your trophies.

Order No. 49360 Only \$6.95 ppd.

Order No. 49560, Special!
Football plus kick-off tee.
Use it for kicking, or as an ideal display. Great gift idea!
Only \$7.95 complete, postpaid.

SPECIFY NFL TEAM NAME

(N.Y. residents add sales tax.)
Send check or money order.

THE EVERYTHING GUARANTEE

The GALLERY guarantees EVERYTHING: The quality, accuracy of description, availability, prompt delivery. If not delighted, return football **within 3 weeks after you receive it** (not the usual 10 days) for an instant refund of purchase price.

Free Gift Catalog on Request

THE GALLERY

Dept. 9703, Amsterdam, N.Y. 12010



23L

</div

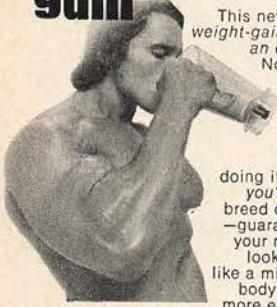
MUSCLE UP!

AT LAST...Here's the "MUSCLE MAKERS" you need to muscularize your body **INSTANTLY!**

crash weight-gain

FORMULA #7

"DRINK-ON" UP TO A-POUND-A-DAY!



This new Joe Weider scientific weight-gaining breakthrough puts an end to the skinny body! Now, you can "drink-on" a powerful pound every day until you've reached your most muscular and virile, he-man weight! Thousands of men are doing it every month! Why not you? Enjoy this totally new breed of nutritional WILDCAT—guaranteed to put an end to your muscle-starved, hungry looking body FAST! Tastes like a milk-shake; fills out your body and face for a fresher, more exciting, fun-going you!

14-DAY SUPPLY \$14.98
FREE "VALUABLE WEIGHT-GAINING AND MUSCLE-BUILDING COURSE" INCLUDED!

"power-X"

UPPER BODY BUILDER

Actually two exercisers in one! Unique design of sturdily-built "Crusher/Puller" builds your entire upper body to powerful, muscular proportions. "Crush It" for a massive, muscular chest! "Pull it" for strengthening arms!

\$14.95 ILLUSTRATED COURSE
TO MUSCULAR BODY



the panther suit



ORIGINAL
"FLAB FIGHTER!"

Unique workout suit with built-in slimming power! Personally created by Joe Weider to turn even the simplest movements into effective slimming exercises. Works even faster when worn during workouts or sports! Made of tough, odor-free Neoprene rubber with sturdy over-size zipper for ease of use. A must if you want to muscularize your body fast! Look slimmer the minute you put it on!

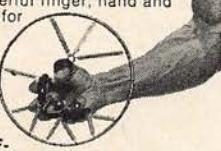
\$29.95 COMPLETE

karate krusher

POWERIZES HANDS AND FOREARMS!

Builds bulging crushing power into your forearms and grip! Just five minutes a day is all it takes to develop the powerful finger, hand and forearm muscles needed for karate, judo, many other sports and work activities. Use it anywhere, anytime to build sledge-hammer power into your grip. Weighs just 6 ozs.

\$9.98 COMPLETE WITH
"KILLER KARATE" SELF-DEFENSE COURSE & INSTRUCTIONS



Let Joe Weider — Trainer of "Mr. America" and "Mr. Universe" since 1946 — help you become a powerful, muscular virile man with these exclusive "WILDCAT POWERIZERS!"



power twister

MUSCULARIZES UPPER BODY

The upper body muscularizer used by top athletes and bodybuilders to add powerful inches to arms, chest, shoulders and back—then keep them there for life! Unique "Continuous Tension/Ultimate Muscle Contraction" feature, develops muscles other exercisers can't reach. Just ten minutes a day and you are on your way to a powerful, muscular upper body! Durable chromed steel with "No-Slip" rubber grippers.

**\$9.95 COMPLETE WITH
DETAILED UPPER-BODY-BUILDING COURSE**



fitness jogger

LIKE AN "INDOOR TRACK!"

Slim down, trim up! Lose pounds and inches from your waist, hips and thighs by jogging in your own home! Just 6 minutes daily gives benefits of two mile jog! Improves stamina, heart and lung action. Heavy-duty coil springs in thick polyurethane cushion simulate actual road conditions. Lightweight, compact.

\$12.95 COMPLETE WITH
"AEROBIC/CIRCUIT TRAINING" COURSE!



waist shaper

FOR SLIMMER WAIST, HIPS!

Helps "melt" flabby pounds and inches off your waist and hips while you work, play or exercise. Promotes profuse perspiration and break-down of cushions of fatty tissue. Flesh colored and a full 12 inches wide, it may be worn completely undetected under regular "street clothes!" Stays 100% odorless in use and storage. Miraculous aid to slimming and firming!

**\$11.98 COMPLETE WITH
ILLUSTRATED "WAIST SLIMMER" COURSE**

pocket jiffy gym

COMPACT UPPER BODY EXERCISER

Our most portable, pocket-sized upper body builder! Weighs just 4 ounces! Works amazingly (in your spare time) to develop powerful chest, back and shoulders. Doubles as efficient leg exerciser. Truly the "Mighty Mite!" Keep one at the office... another at home.

**\$3.98 COMPLETE
WITH COURSE
OF INSTRUCTIONS**

MR. JOE WEIDER Dept. AE/L

"Trainer of Champions Since 1936"
with over 2,750,000 successful students
21100 ERWIN STREET

WOODLAND HILLS, CALIF. 91364

Dear Joe, I want a more powerful, virile and muscular body. Please ship me the equipment and courses checked below. Also, the FREE \$3.00 value muscle-building/virility magazines. Full payment enclosed.

- Crash Weight-Gain Formula #7.....\$14.98
- "Power-X" 14.95
- "The Panther" Suit 29.95
- Karate Krusher 9.98
- Fitness Jogger 12.95
- Power Twister 9.95
- Waist Shaper 11.98
- Pocket Jiffy Gym 3.98

TOTAL \$ _____

Calif. residents add 6% tax _____

AMOUNT ENCLOSED \$ _____

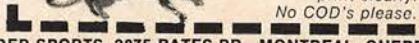
Name _____

Address _____

City _____

State _____ Zip _____

Please type or print clearly.
No COD's please.



IN CANADA: WEIDER SPORTS, 2875 BATES RD., MONTREAL, QUEBEC

FREE!
\$3.00 WORTH OF
POWER-PACKED
MAGAZINES!

Jammed with complete courses on muscularizing & shaping your body! Specific tips to build bigger arms, broader shoulders, deeper chest, slimmer waist and powerful legs. Sex appeal and virility-building information, too! ALL FREE with any purchase!

THESE MAGAZINES AVAILABLE AT NEWSTAND AT \$1.00 EA.

© COPYRIGHT JOE WEIDER, 1973



PAUL HEMPHILL'S AMERICA



I am back on a college campus after a long absence, this time as a "visiting lecturer" at the University of Georgia, and suddenly it occurs to me that I am no longer a promising young man. The average age of my students is probably around 20. I am nearing 38. No matter how much I protest, they can't seem to break the irritating habit of calling me "Sir" or "Mr. Hemphill."

Everybody around Athens rides bikes or walks, something I have all but forgotten how to do, and you even see these kids out jogging on the sidewalks at 11 o'clock at night. One night last week one of the fraternities hired a 22-year-old stripper from Atlanta to entertain a group of bug-eyed freshman rushees, and I am kept awake nightly by squealing and singing and general horseplay emanating from the sorority house next door to my apartment building. I see these kids holding hands and sipping Cokes and generally being unworried, and I want to cry. It reached a new low the other day when one of my students, a pretty young lass with long straight hair was talking about a certain writer. "He made it young, too," I said. "Well," she said, "he's 40."

At any rate, I couldn't have picked a better time or place to go back to academia. It is football season, at one of those big Deep South universities where the head football coach is likely to be the highest-paid employee on the state payroll, and all of a sudden I am swept up in a whirl of old memories as though this were the '50s again and I was an undergraduate over at Auburn. Upon returning to a campus, I expected it to be different, for the radicalism of the '60s to have left its mark. But I find I was wrong. For the most part, the kids here at least still care about the things we cared about 15 years ago: Beer,

girls, cars, dirty books and football.

It had been a while since I had experienced the pure exhilaration of a college football Saturday—everything is pro football now, in the comfort of your own den—and I had almost forgotten. Early in the season the Georgia Bulldogs hosted the North Carolina State Wolfpack, the whole script spreading out before nearly 53,000 people from Georgia and the Carolinas on a sunny September afternoon: Middle-aged couples (my people, don't you know) tailgating Bloody Marys and roast beef sandwiches in the parking lots, the Georgia Redcoat Band prancing out onto the field for a pre-game show, pot-bellied alumni strutting toward their permanent seats at mid-field in wool hats and blazers of brilliant Georgia Bulldog red, greasers scalping tickets outside the gates, cheerleaders running across the lush green grass with "Uga" the white bulldog in tow, and now and then a big jet slowing down overhead for the approach to Atlanta to remind you how isolated a small college town can be from the "real" world.

It was an altogether lovely afternoon. After a tie with Pitt in the opening game of the season and a shoddy victory over weak Clemson, Georgia fans were coming down on coach Vince Dooley's back. In those first two games, they had roundly booed Dooley and his starting quarterback, and now here came a very good N.C. State team. When the Wolfpack's powerful backfield rammed home a touchdown on a long drive in the first period, it shaped up to be a long day, but then it turned around quickly. A skinny black freshman named Gene Washington, who had returned a kickoff against Clemson for 97 yards and a touchdown, took this one and carried it 86 yards. The minute he hit the end

zone, the entire Georgia bench swarmed him down there and damned near smothered him. "That was the hardest lick he took all day," said Dooley after the game, a 31-12 winner. That was also the essence of college football.

I have had my flirtation with the pros, and it is over. Pro football is better, of course, from the standpoint of artistry—there isn't much any one of them can't do on a given Sunday—but to me it is a lot like watching the German war machine roll across France. No sweat. Oil the machine and crank it up, it runs. When defenses caught up with the passing game, the one area where there was sufficient margin for error to allow a mediocre team to pull off an upset, the excitement went out of pro football for me.

I have already gone on the record about the evils of college football, so I will not exalt its "innocence." Big money and careers and point spreads are involved at Old State U., just as they are at Green Bay. But the basic difference between the two is on the emotional level, and that is why I prefer college football over the pros. Upsets—*incredible* upsets—are fairly routine in college ball because emotion plays such a big part in every game.

And the college fan understands, and believes. Indeed, he may be the most manic sports fan on the American scene today. Later in the evening after that Georgia game, I was finishing up dinner on the lawn of a friend's house outside of Athens, and the discussion moved to college alumni. It was agreed that Dooley was safe from the boo-birds at least for another week, and then I asked my friend about a fanatical Bulldog-lover we at Auburn used to call something like "Georgia Red." He used to show up at every Georgia game in every sport in every town, wearing red-and-black and infuriating the other side.

"I don't know what they call him," said my friend, "but he lives over in Monroe and you wouldn't believe him. He just made out his will."

"What's in the will?"

"Two things," he said. "First, that the University of Georgia football coach, no matter who it is, delivers the eulogy. And second, that 12 Georgia football players serve as honorary pallbearers. In full uniform."

The nice little things you can have with an Olds wagon.



An interior in Custom Cruiser that's a lot like a luxurious sedan.



A tailgate on the Custom Cruiser that disappears into the floor.



A Vista Vent on the Vista-Cruiser to let smoke out and sun in.



Lots of room to haul lots of things.



A front center armrest in Cutlass Supreme Cruiser and Vista-Cruiser.

You get some nice things because our wagons are Oldsmobiles: things like power steering, power front disc brakes, Turbo Hydra-matic transmission, and a Rocket V8. You get big cargo-hauling capacities: 106 cu. ft. in Custom Cruiser and 85 cu. ft. in Cutlass Supreme Cruisers and Vista-Cruisers.

And there are other nice things you can order extra: like GM steel-belted radial tires, power windows, stereo radio, luggage rack, and many other features to make your wagon all the Oldsmobile you want it to be.

1974 Oldsmobile station wagons.

Many nice things make a difference.

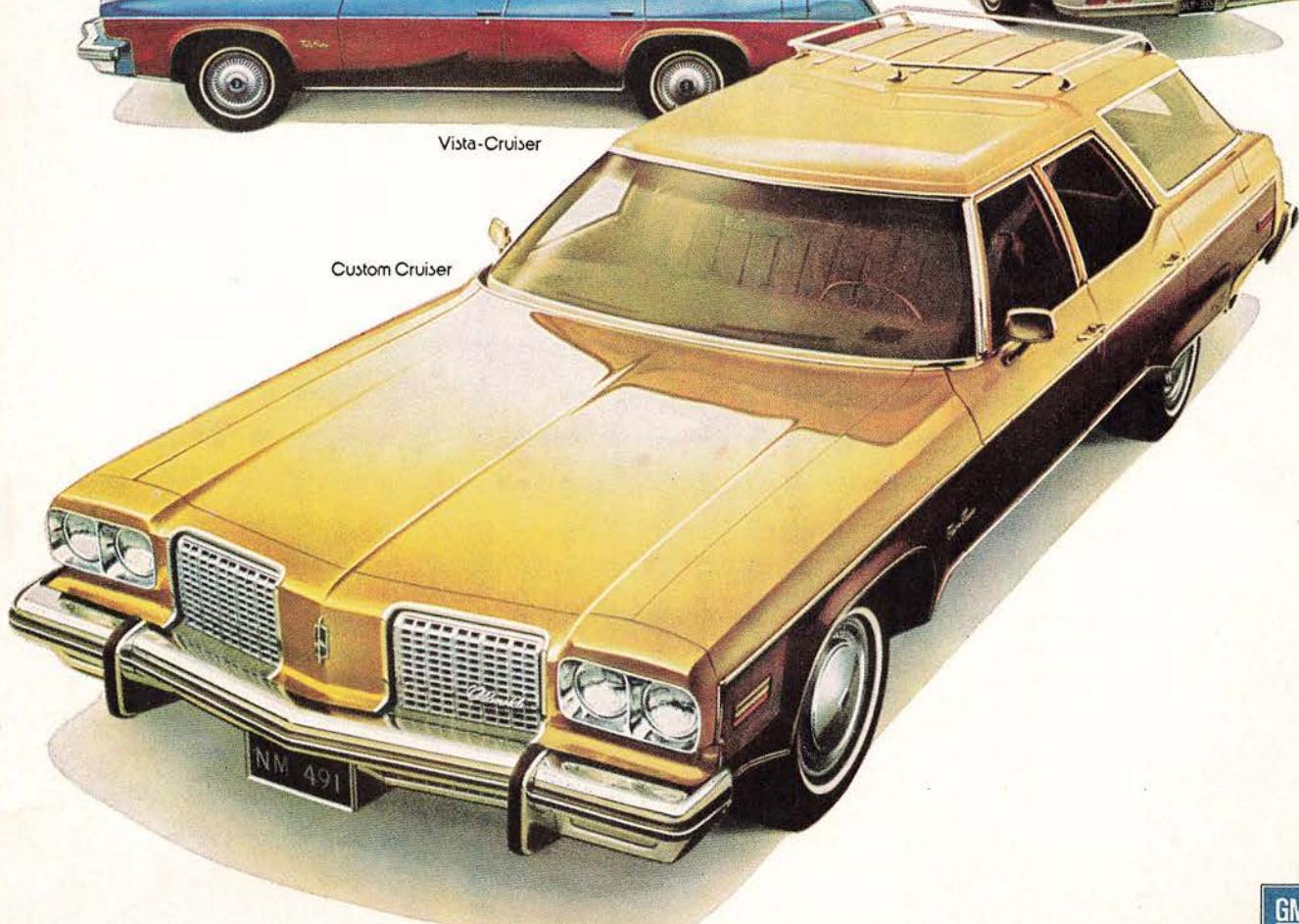


Tailgates that swing up and out of the way on Cutlass Supreme Cruiser and Vista-Cruiser.

Cutlass Supreme Cruiser



Vista-Cruiser



Custom Cruiser



Us Tareyton smokers would
rather fight than switch!



Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined
That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

King Size: 19 mg. "tar", 1.3 mg. nicotine; 100 mm; 20 mg. "tar", 1.4 mg. nicotine; av. per cigarette, FTC Report Feb. '73